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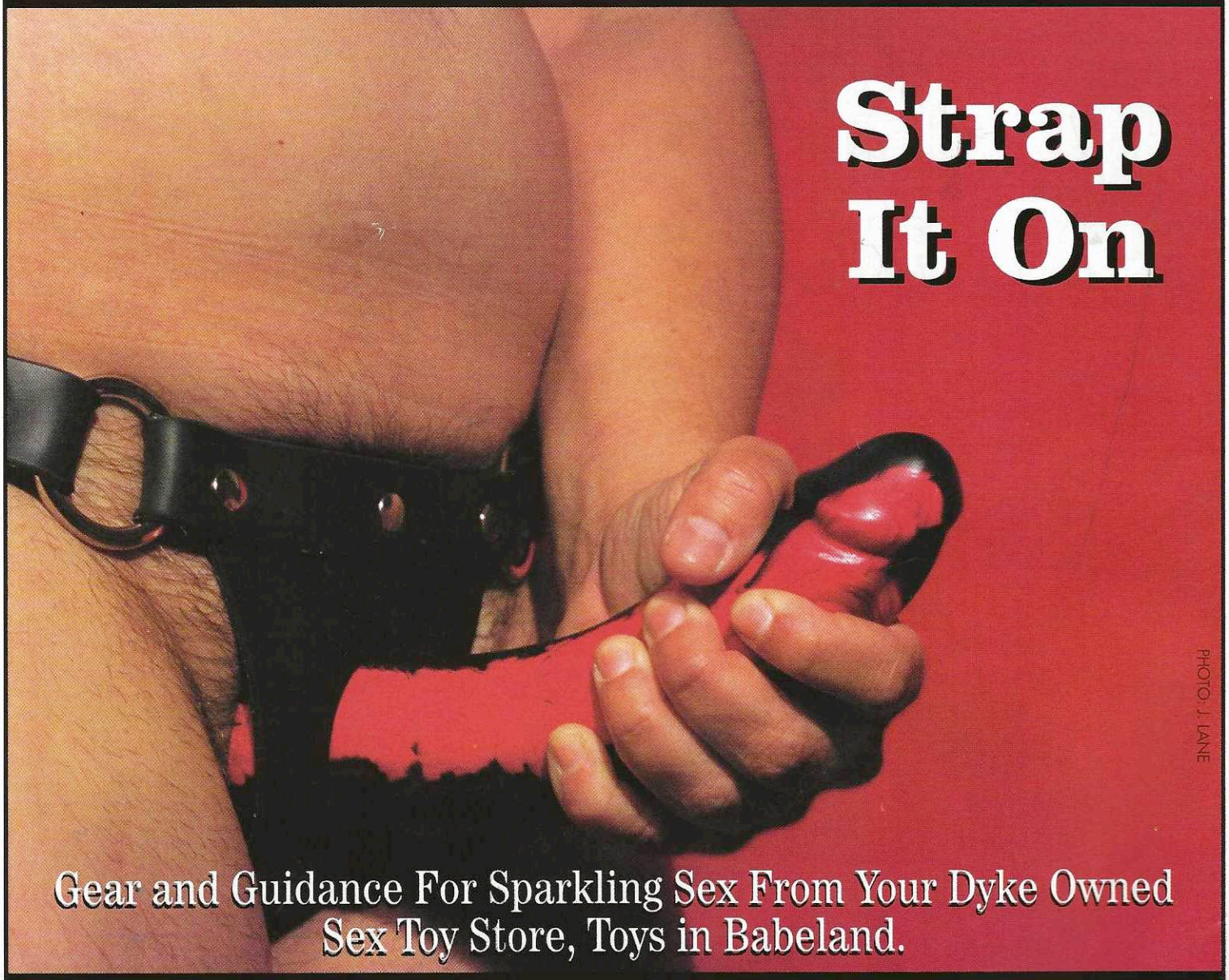

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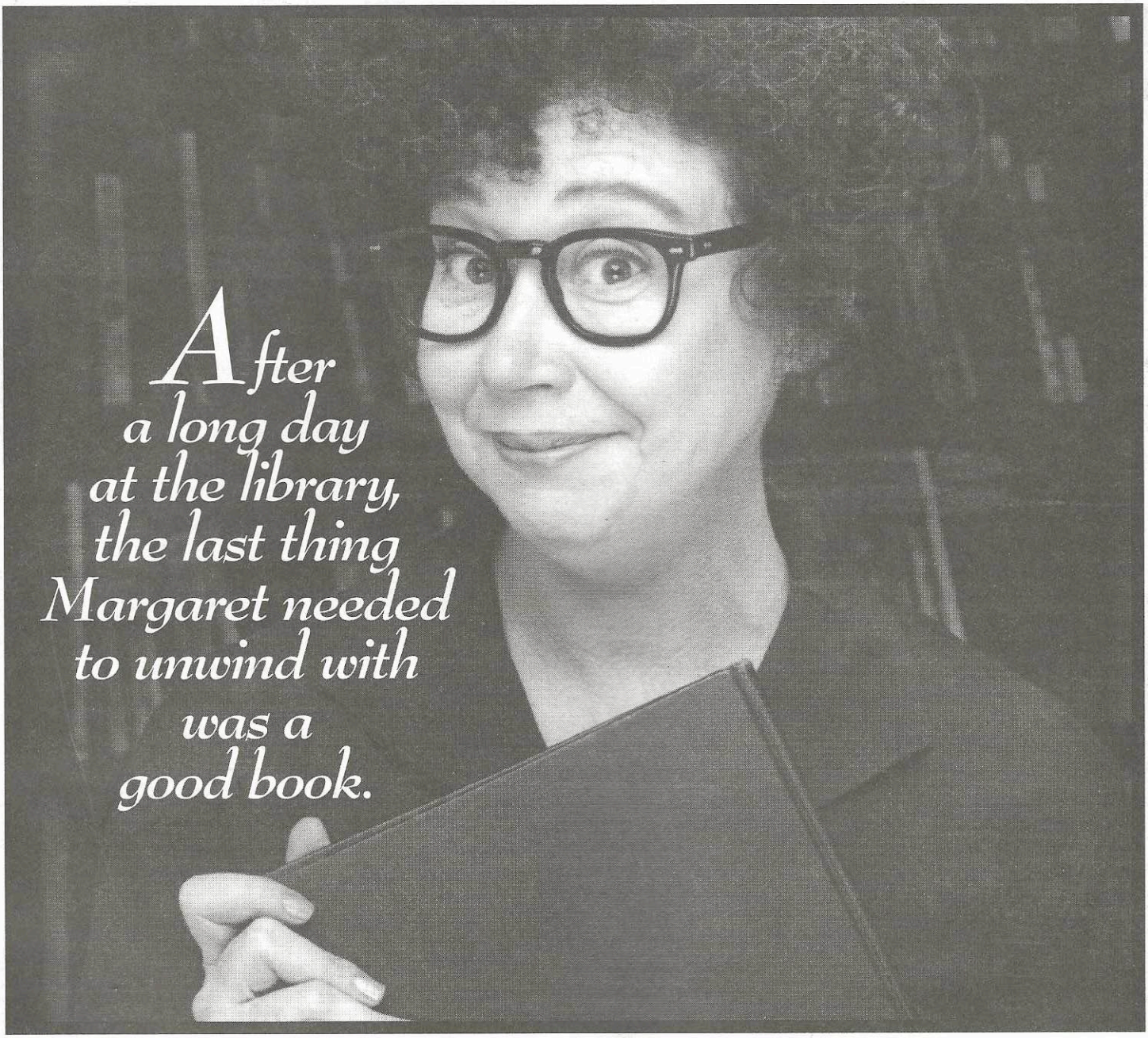

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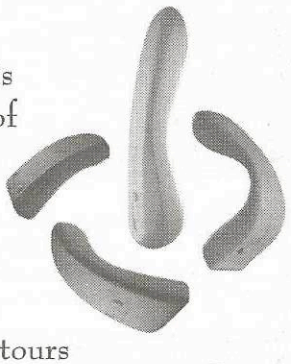

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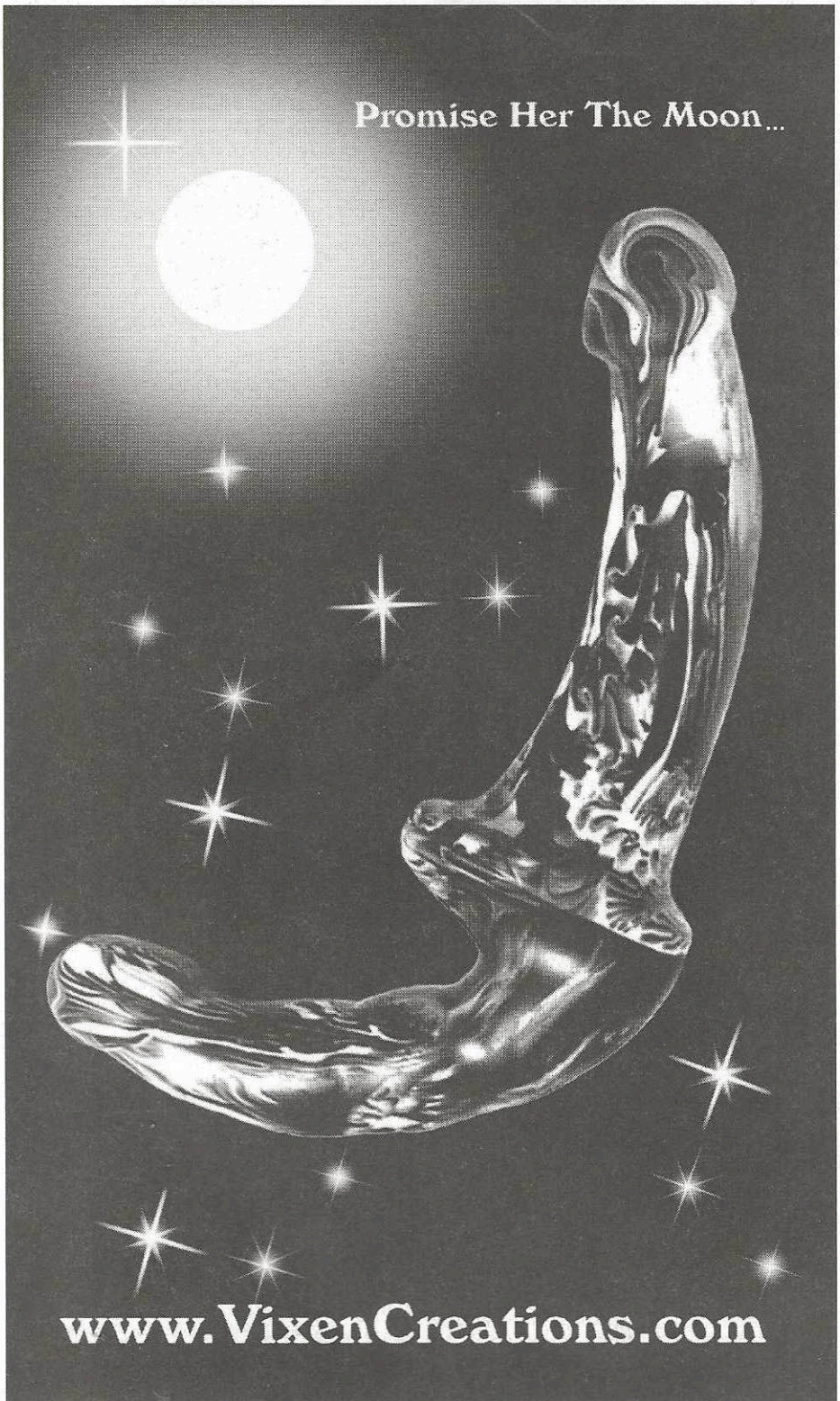

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Volume17 . Issue02

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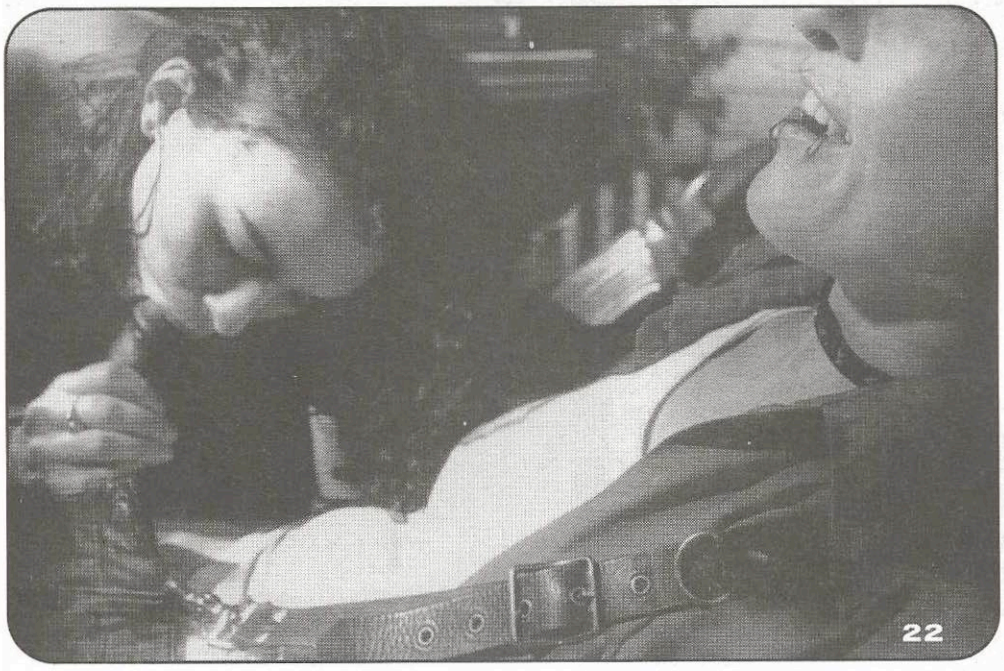

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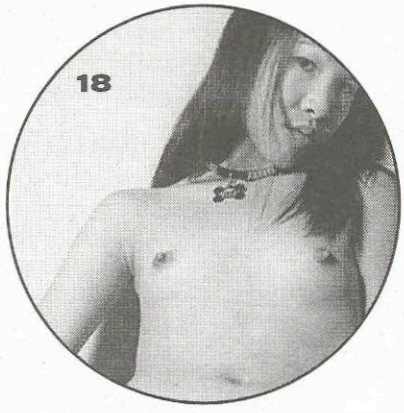

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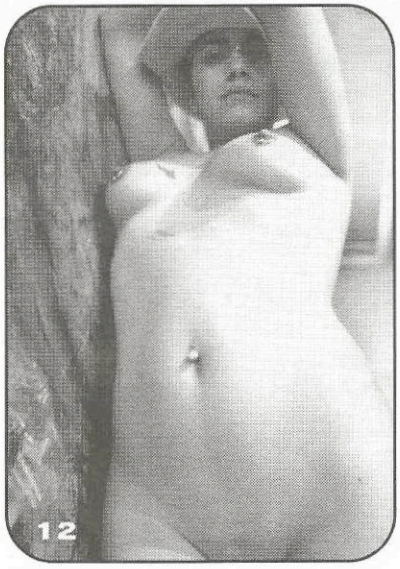
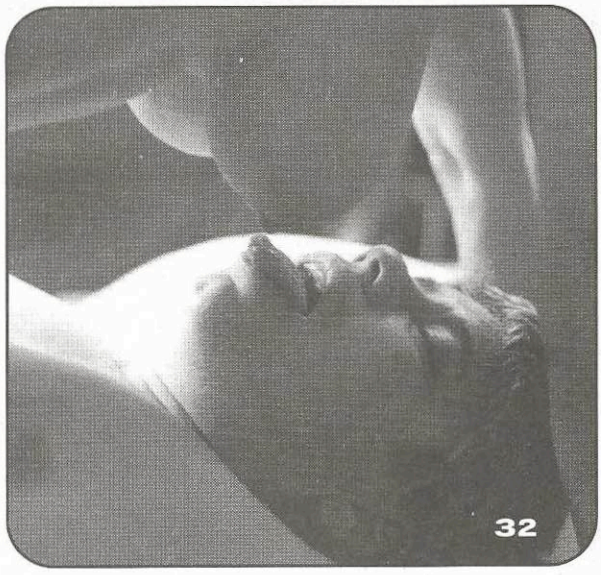




editor's.postcard

Hot Daddies

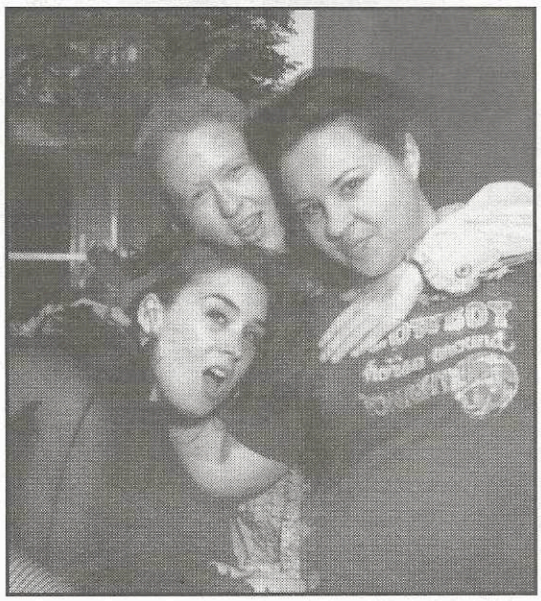
What is it about Daddies? Nothing can make me drop to my knees faster than a confident, take-charge woman who knows exactly what she wants and how to get it. But heavily gendered and far from egalitarian, Daddy has long been a taboo role for dykes. So in the interest of being naughty, we rounded up a group of them and asked what makes them tick. Good bois and girls should immediately turn to page 28 to find out what they said.

There is mind-blowing dyke sex on every page of this issue. Tristan Taormino is an anal-fisting cherry popper (p. 8), pulp fiction queen Ann Bannon dishes on dyke drama (p. 30), and real-life couple Sheila and Rena (p. 32) show us that older dykes really know how to fuck. Our cover models Emily and Dean fucked so long, hard, and well at their shoot, they wore out photographer Phyllis Christopher (and myself)—and all we had to do was watch!

XOXO,

Diana Cage

Diana Cage, Managing Editor



PHYLLIS CHRISTOPHER

Tired, turned-on, and happy after the shoot.

contributors

Myriam Gurba, our new Web site reviewer, points us to some stroke-worthy sites on page 18. The Chicana femme will also be giving us the scoop on dyke sex in the military in an upcoming issue. Her fiction has or will be appearing in *Tough Girls, Best Fetish Erotica, Pillow Talk III,* and *Best American Erotica.* She is currently at work on a book of short stories about growing up queer and Chicana in semi-rural California. Myriam says she's SoCal trash and proud of it.

Raquel Rocha shot the gorgeous images of Nikki on page 12. Originally from Brazil, Raquel currently does freelance photography in New York. Because Nikki is a painter, Raquel opted to shoot her in the art school studio where she produces her large-scale paintings. "It's always fun photographing a hottie melting into her environment," says Raquel. "But we had to make sure to fend off all the curious art students who wanted to get an eyeful."

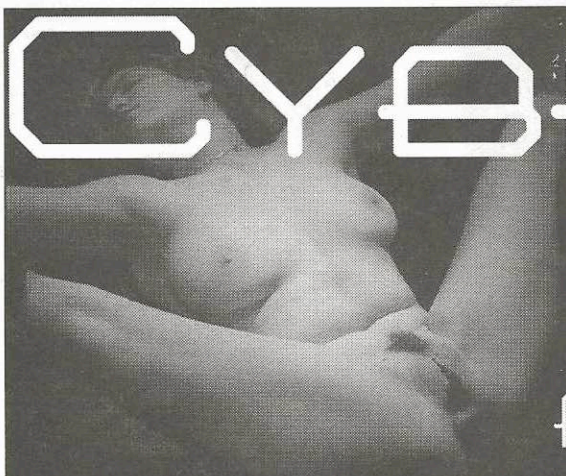
When not distracted by Daddy-hunting ("Please, Daddy" p. 28), **T.J. Michels** is a freelance writer and editor. Her work on transgender and religious identity is featured in the new Routledge anthology, *Queer Jews*, and she has published numerous articles in both the gay and mainstream presses. She recently moved to Washington, D.C., from San Francisco and is still trying to straddle both cities. Chances are good that she'll sleep with you for airline miles.

Aspiring writer and sex educator **Cara Herbitter** helped compile this month's backtalk (p. 46) and cheers + jeers (p. 43) sections. The twenty-one-year-old baby bi-dyke arrived in San Francisco a few weeks ago with a suitcase and a fantasy (well, more than one): landing an internship at **On Our Backs**. Mission accomplished, she is eager to learn at the heels (or boots) of the dykes that came before, as she preps for her senior year at Wesleyan University, where she is founder of the Cunt Club.

Want to throw a sex party? **Rachel Venning** tells us how on page 11. Rachel is the co-founder of Toys in Babeland, the lesbian-owned sex-toy store, and runs the Babeland Web site (www.babeland.com). Rachel's current favorite project is writing the sex advice column for the Web site. "So far I've soothed the lovelorn, encouraged timid transsexuals, coached baby dykes, and recommended a buttplug to just about everybody."

CyberDyke

The Erotic Network for Lesbians



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bigbeautifulheaven.com

Just one of our BBW sites, this pin-up inspired site shows off the sexiest big beautiful lesbians you have ever seen!

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posteriority.net

For women who love women's "posteriorities," anal sex, analingus, doggie style, and more! A beautifully designed and elegant site.

mistresstatiana.com

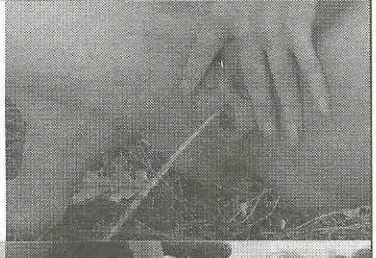
An intimate look at this amazing multi-talented dyke Domme and also a beautiful art site of her simply extraordinary rope and other bondage.

ondine-x.com

High femme pin-up grrl who likes to play with fetish and BDSM. If you like strong femmes with sassy attitudes look no further!

leakygirls.com

This site has been described as "The El Dorado of golden showers sites." Beautiful and high quality, close-up videos and stills.



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DAVID STEINBERG

Open Arms and Legs

My MTF partner and I loved the "Natural Woman" title of the Jessica Choplin pictorial (April/May 2002). We are so grateful for your magazine's coverage of MTFs.

Ren and Teri
Somewhere in Florida

I think it's great that you put a transwoman in **On Our Backs**. It's really progressive, and more than that, fair.

E. Storm
Toronto, Ontario

I was really pleased to see a transsexual female in your magazine. This is a wonderful step for the dyke community, and I'm so glad you were brave enough to take it.

Clara Taylor
Lafayette, Indiana

It was so nice to see the pictorial on Jessica Choplin. It took courage and consciousness to create that issue. I am truly pleased that **On Our Backs** is leading the way to a more unified queer community.

Kelly Antor
Via the Internet

With all the oppression and hurt that occurs within the lesbian community it is refreshing to see your pages reflect the inclusiveness that so many of my friends and myself are fighting for.

Devon King
Via the Internet

Jessica Choplin is incredibly beautiful. Please continue to feature such a wide variety of people. I especially love the fat women and the hot, hot butches.

Manya Shorr
Portland, Oregon

Anyone who doesn't respect the wide range of dykes out there has no business reading such a progressive, sex-positive dyke magazine in the first place.

Nicky Meinzer
Via the Internet

At first I thought Jessica Choplin was a little too femmey and athletically built for me, but aside from that, I didn't see anything different about her. Then I read her bio and discovered that she is transsexual. Big deal. As far as I am concerned, she's a woman who enjoys other women, therefore she's a lesbian.

Amy Atkinson
Via the Internet

Most lesbians know what prejudice feels like and to inflict it on someone else is just plain mean and nasty. Those of you who don't want MTFs in **On Our Backs** probably have some type of *Tolerate Diversity* bumper sticker on your car. What do you think *Diversity* means? Look it up, I'm sure you have a dictionary somewhere in your trailer.

Gena Curtis
Via the Internet

Turn off the Trans

You should change the title of your magazine. When lesbian sex is shoved into the minority again in favor of transmen, transwomen, and whatever other disgusting freak your twisted minds have given more power to than actual real-life, honest-to-goodness women-born-women, you might as well admit you're not about lesbian sex anymore.

Mystie Green
San Jose, California

You call yourselves a lesbian sex magazine, but you are more interested in shooting transsexuals instead of genetic lesbian pussy and ass. What a waste of print.

Janet K.
Seattle, Washington

I don't find transsexuals sexy, have no interest in SM, and find moustache-sporting chicks pointless. There is nothing appealing in your magazine for a lesbian from Middle America.

Donna Jennings
Newton, Iowa

Seeking Sexy Seniors

The women I know are frustratingly invisible in your magazine. You pick the most radical fringe to portray as the meat and bones of lesbian sex. I get your angle: the whips, the chains, the young girls, the big swinging silicone dicks, the women shooting hormones to become men. How uninspiring. Why is the older generation not represented in **On Our Backs**? If you think it's not sexy for a couple of old maids to get it on, you're wrong.

Delila J. Thomas
Burlington, Vermont

Editor's note: I wouldn't exactly call the babes on page 32 "old maids," but I guarantee you that they are much older than our editorial staff, and I think you'll agree with us that they are pretty damn hot.

Show Us Your Porn

I absolutely loved the "Backtalk" column about making a porn video with your lover (April/May 2002). Any up and coming videographers who want to share their homemade videos with the lesbian world at large should consider entering them in Fatale's Real Lesbian Sex Erotic Video Contest. Check out the details at www.fatalemedia.com.

Nan Kinney
Fatale Media, Inc.

talk to us sweet, talk to us dirty. Send your letters via e-mail to letters@onourbacksmag.com, via fax to 415.648.4705, or write **On Our Backs** magazine, 3415 César Chávez, Ste. 101, San Francisco, CA 94110.

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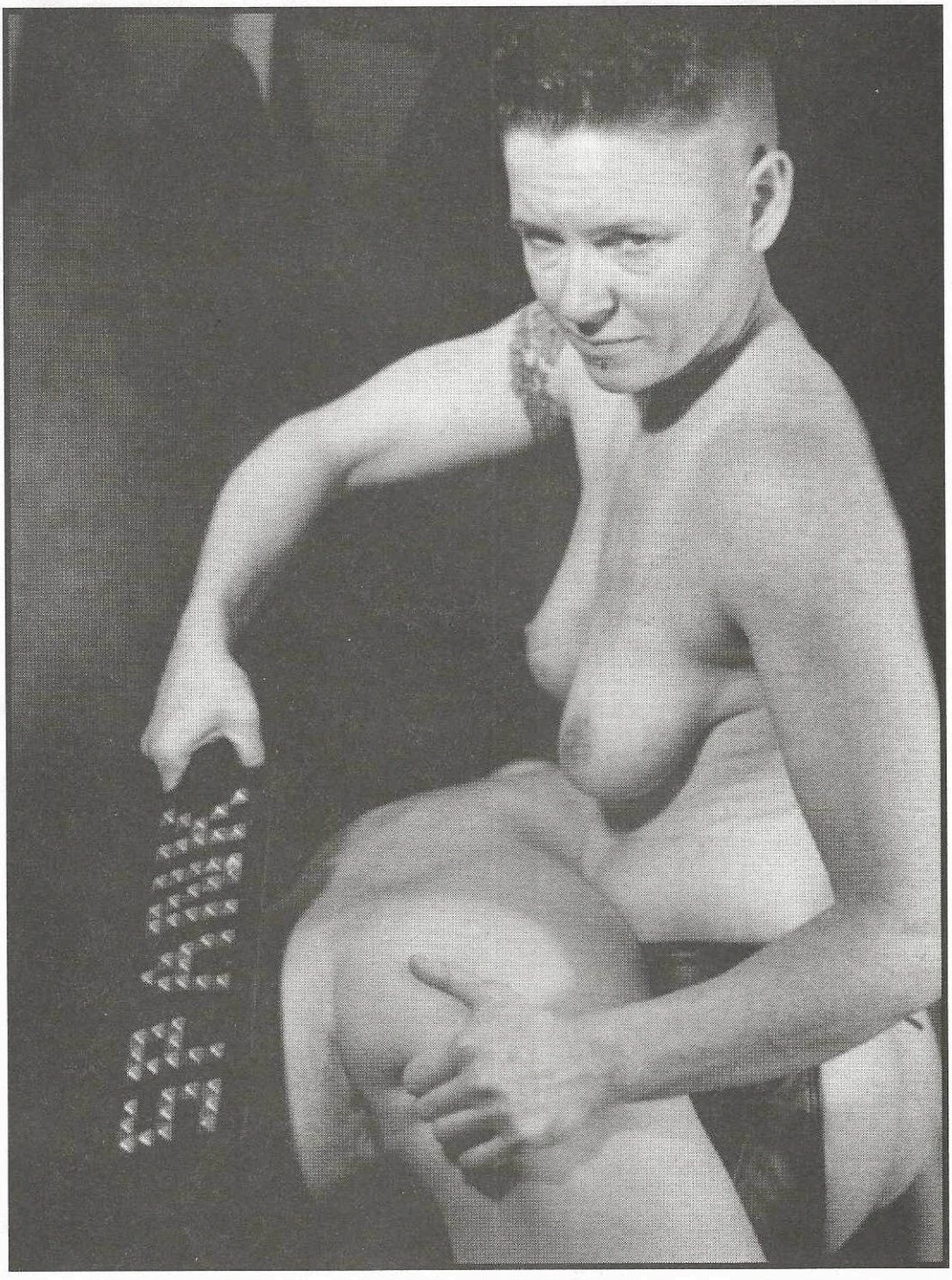

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THE BEST OF LESBIAN SEX

Teacher's Pet

by Tristan Taormino

illustration by Fish

I teach anal-pleasure workshops around the country, and naturally, I've had requests for classes that cover the whole, um, hand-chilada. In the name of sex education, I get a good manicure, pack my bags, and travel to new cities, where I lecture on safety, preparation, and the wonders of there's-no-such-thing-as-too-much-lube. But talking tips and techniques doesn't always do justice to this five-finger subject, so, whenever possible, I also perform hands-on (more like hands-in) demonstrations. And lately, I've been on a roll. Based on my experiences of the last six months, you'd think I was chasing down the title of Anal-Fisting Cherry Popper (AFCP).

Anal-Fisting Cherry Popper might sound like a homo porno series, conjuring images of Crisco-coated arms disappearing into hairy buttholes as deep trance music plays in the background. That's because dipping into the bunghole is most often linked with gay leathermen–they popularized hand-in-the-butt love in the 1970s and have been its main practitioners and teachers ever since. But the rest of the world has caught up with queer boys with short nails. Case in point: I mostly teach and demonstrate on dykes and heteros.

Since I don't have an anal-fisting demo bottom who travels with me everywhere I go (résumés for such positions gladly accepted!), I must rely on the kindness of strangers in most cities where I teach. The usual scenario goes something like this: I tell the organizer of my workshop that I need a volunteer for either of the two classes I teach, "BDSM and Anal Play" or "The Art of Anal Fisting." I arrive in the city, and if I'm lucky, I get the chance to meet and talk with my willing ass-for-hire before my workshop. More often, I've got about a half-hour to assess their experience, negotiate limits, and form some sort of connection before I dive in. I have such tremendous respect for these people who give me their butts so willingly. Inevitably, my demo-ee informs me that he or she is "an anal slut," a "butt pirate," and "a total exhibitionist." However, because I'm teaching a class, my focus is constantly split between the person with his or her ass in the air and the students with their hands in the air, and I cannot devote 100 percent of my attention to my bottom. I've probed some asses that are tighter than Air Force One security, and no amount of arousal is going to relax their sphincter muscles.

Although she was an anal fisting virgin, Pippi had been doing lots of anal play with her girlfriend in order to prepare for my workshop. She'd apparently been engaged in what can only be described as a World-Class Training Program for The Anal Fisting Olympics: books, workshops, videos, toys, and a rigorous schedule of backdoor banging to get her ass in shape for the big day. She had an enema that morning and arrived at the dungeon with a butt-plug already nestled in her asshole. But not just any buttplug, the Tristan plug I designed for Vixen Creations. Clearly, she was gunning to be teacher's pet. I popped the buttplug out of her ass and slipped a few fingers in to get the lay of the land; her ass felt relaxed, turned on, downright happy. So, her preparation and enthusiasm were not only impressive, they paid off. I chose a new red plug that looked like an oblong doorknob, lubed it up, and started to stuff it inside her. But the shape wasn't quite right, it kept slipping from side to side (damn lube!), so I picked another one, almost the same size, but with a more tapered top. Her ass liked it, sucked it in smoothly, so I wiped the excess lube off her cheeks and told her to sit down. I let her stew for a bit while I taught my workshop.

After I covered everything from body position to head space, I called Pippi back up and took the thick plug out. Then I lubed up my gloved hand and slid three fingers inside her. It was heaven in there, open and welcoming, and I started to get a little giddy. Four fingers, no problem. Slipping my thumb in was even easier, but it always is. Then comes the challenge: the widest part of my hand. I told her to take a deep breath, and as she exhaled I felt her sphincter muscles let go of their clench on my hand. Another deep breath, and I was

pippi had been doing lots of anal play with her girlfriend in order to prepare for my workshop.

slipping all the way inside her. There are no words to describe the feeling of having your entire hand inside someone's ass. It's truly magical when our bodies are joined in that moment. The audience's collective jaw dropped, and I tried to play it cool, like, yeah, this happens all the time, but really I had never gotten there so quickly and easily before. She was clearly an anal fisting phenom destined for great things. And I got her cherry. oob

Every issue, **adventure girl** sets off for another sexcapade. Like to see her make your fantasy her reality? Write it down and send it to: **On Our Backs**, 3415 César Chávez, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA, 94110; fax: 415-648-4705; e-mail: editorial@onourbacksmag.com.

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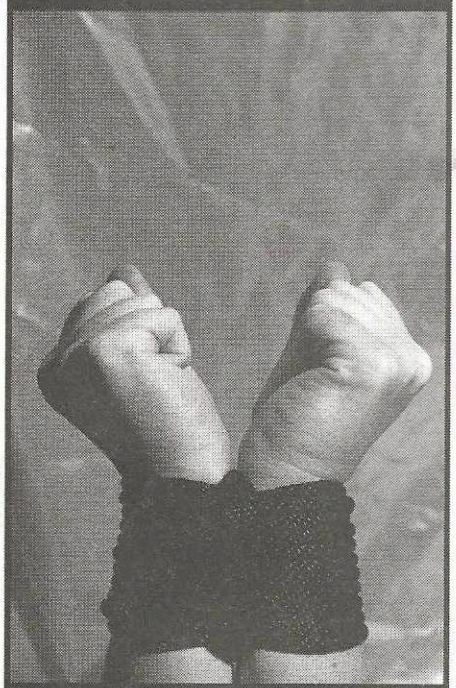

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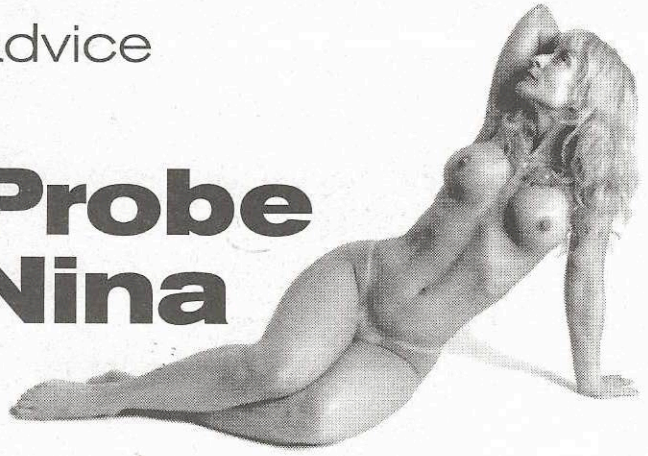


CHLOE ATKINS

Oh, Baby

My girlfriend and I had a baby four months ago. We were very sexually active throughout the entire pregnancy. When she got too big to fuck in traditional positions, we got really creative. However, now that the baby is here, she seems to have lost any interest whatsoever in sex. I understand that she is nursing, tired, and constantly drained; however, her dwindled interest worries me.

The good news is that, because you had a robust sex life before and during the pregnancy, your lover is more likely to get back to it than a woman who had little desire before getting pregnant. The bad news is that, in the meantime, her attention is naturally directed toward the helpless being for whom she is responsible, and her hormones are turning off her need for sex so she can better allot her energies.

As the baby gets older, sleeps longer, and is weaned, things will improve. Until this happens, it behooves you to do a couple of things: first, continue to care physically for your lover and the mother of your baby. Pet her, massage her, help with the drudgery, brush her hair, soothe her body. By your touch she will know you love and desire her, and when she is ready, you will be right there, emotionally and physically. Do not push for sex. Second, you must care for yourself as you wait for her returned desire. Masturbation will be an expanded frontier for you. In short, babies change lives forever. You're a mom now, and priorities have shifted. But don't worry: you'll get back to it soon enough in whatever form it manifests.

Back Door Locked

I would really like my girlfriend to fist me anally. We've been practicing for a while and she's gotten her hand in up to the knuckle, but I have been unable to relax enough to get past that point. I'm dying to have her hand inside me, and I don't want to let her down. Do you have any tips that can help me relax?

It will be useful to stop thinking about the end result. Instead, try to stay in the present moment and think about the sensations in your body. Just go with the feelings, moment to moment, like a surfer or a skier. Release your ideas of what "should" happen or when it should happen, whatever "it" is.

Also, you must stop worrying about letting her down, because that is a pleasure killer. You are not performing for anyone. Your body will tell you when you can take more. Your ass will relax and she will slip in. Let go and get into your insatiable sluttiness. Go to that place emotionally, and your ass will follow quicker than you think.

Butch Flipper

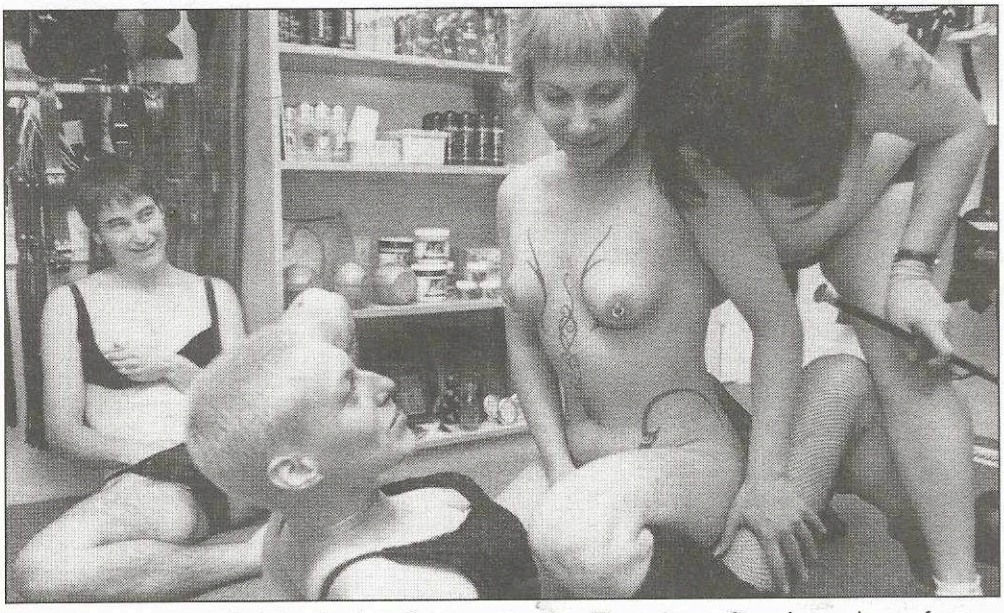
I'm a single femme who enjoys having casual sex with butches. The problem is, I keep finding myself in bed with women who refuse to let me fuck them. I don't want to be accused of being a do-me queen. How can I convince my casual lovers to give it up?

You can avoid thwarted lust by being evermore clear about your desires. Refine your pre-sex negotiation to filter out partners who won't let you reciprocate. Be upfront about what you're looking for in a date: "I really love it when my lover wants to be fucked, too. Are you into that?" Don't bother to take anyone home who isn't playing at your level. Not all butches are wary of being touched. It's not bad if they don't like it, it just makes them incompatible with what you need.

Nina Hartley is a porn star and a registered nurse. Send your woes her way.
Mail: Probe Nina, 3415 César Chavéz, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA 94110;
Fax: 415.648.4705
e-mail: nina@onourbacksmag.com.

Have a Sex Party

by Rachel Venning



While mainstream gay activists focus on the right to marry, let's not forget the right to forgo monogamy and madly pursue pleasure in all its forms. Forget about "It takes two to tango." Why dance with just one person when you can boogie with the entire ballroom? Why not take your sweetie and strut your stuff in a public playspace? Your sexy spark may inspire others, and their appreciation might be a turn-on you and your lover can share.

To experience group sex, threesomes, or the thrills of voyeurism and exhibitionism, a sex party is the place to go. As sex parties for lesbians can be hard to find, the easiest way to bring those scenes to life can be to throw the party yourself. Think about it as creating a sex-positive community, accepting each other's differences, and promoting safe sex. But also think about drenching the sheets, ogling the cuties, and taking that big bite of pussy pie.

1. Respondez S'il Vous Plait.

For the best party, invite everyone–especially the people you want to have sex with. Make some flyers and carry them around with you, and whenever you see someone interesting you can invite her. Give flyers to your friends to pass out too, and you'll have no trouble getting a crowd. And don't be caught sending invites the day before. Plan ahead.

2. Break the Ice.

Get sexy greeters to welcome people at the door, give tours of the space, point out the equipment, and introduce them around. Having great food is important, sex creates an appetite, and it's sexy to eat delicious stuff. A food area also gives people a place to congregate and something innocuous to talk about.

One possibility is to have some scheduled sex performances. If you do that, have breaks between the shows so people will have time to act on their inspiration. Set up a booth where a Dom with a good arm will give spankings for a buck. If you create many opportunities for women to interact, you will increase the chances of their finding someone new to play with.

3. Set the Scene.

Make the space sensually appealing through dim lighting, sexy music, and good heating. Make sure there are good spots to have sex in. Folks throw sex parties in warehouses, in basements, in men's bathhouses–wherever they can find a space big enough that's willing to take the booking. Most of those places aren't designed for public sex, so you'll have to do some redecorating. Create horizontal spaces, because women like to lie down and roll around. Borrow dungeon equipment from local SM clubs or enthusiasts you know. A few slings really set the mood.

It can help to create a room where no voyeurs are allowed and perhaps another where voyeurs are expressly welcomed. Ask local AIDS organizations for safe sex supplies so there is plenty of latex and lube to go around. If there will be hot wax play, set up a space with floor coverings just for that purpose.

4. Have All the Supplies You'll Need.

If you're charging for the party you'll need a cashbox with change as well as a reliable friend to be in charge of the door. Prepare some release forms and house rules. The release form is a release from liability and an acknowledgement that the house rules have been read. The rules should make clear your position on drugs and alcohol, safe sex, etc. (www.Sexuality.org offers great suggestions on rules and releases.) Other supplies you might need are plastic sheets, sharps containers, first-aid kits, and some good wall-to-wall porn if you've got a player available. Glow sticks for dungeon monitors are a nice touch; it makes them easy to identify.

5. It's My Party and I'll Fuck If I Want To.

The hostess must have fun. Plan time to enjoy the party yourself. Get lots of friends and volunteers to share the work. If you have a door manager, a stage manager, a bunch of dungeon monitors, and an assistant to help with whatever comes up, you'll be prepared to enjoy yourself. Put a "reserved" sign on one of the slings and arrange a date. oob

HOUSE PARTY

If the party is at your home, you'll need to sex-proof your abode. Put away the pottery and hide the valuables. Remember that some women come in big gushing surges, so get plastic covers for the beds. Make sure the lighting is good (read: dim), and although you won't need an army of helpers for this party, get someone to deejay. A house party will be smaller, but it is also more likely to turn into an orgy.

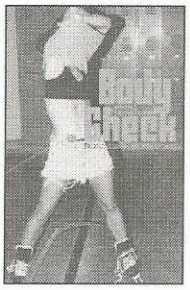
darling NIKKI

photography by
Raquel Rocha

Name: Nikki Schiro
Relationship Status: Involved.
Sexual Identity: How can I choose?
Location: New York City
Her Sign: Leo
Her Favorite Toy: A little lipstick vibrator–it's really cute!
What Turns Her On: European accents.
Biggest Turn Off: Arrogance.
Favorite Body Part: That line underneath the stomache above the pelvis, you know, that indent? Yeah–that's my favorite.
Hottest Fantasy: Being watched through a window while having sex.
Naughtiest Place She's Éver Had Sex: A restaurant bathroom [laughs]. And once, when I was living in this convent-like place, I had to sneak someone into my room in a box because we weren't allowed overnight visitors. **ch**

Body Check

edited by Nicole Foster
[Alyson Books]



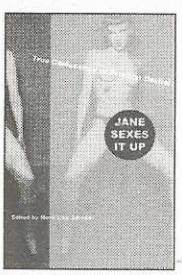
If sweaty gym shorts turn you on, this collection of sports stories is for you. There's something here to make every girljock happy: ranging from the inevitable softball story to the unexpected roller derby orgy. Standouts include a kinky arm-wrestling tale and a bull-riding story that will leave you flat on your back. Predictably, players distract one another in un-sportsman-like ways, competitors on the field become collaborators off of it, and players score in a variety of different "zones." Although the sports action is mostly amateur and so is the sex, it's sure to boost team spirit if you pass it around the locker room.

Bottom line: a must for horny girljocks. **aa**

Jane Sexes It Up: True Confessions of Feminist Desire

edited by Merri Lisa Johnson
[Four Walls Eight Windows]

This is a collection of reflective essays by women questioning, transforming, and reevaluating the construct of feminist social theory as it relates to their sexual and social selves. Their powerful stories reflect how easily an ideology that seeks to free women from dominant cultural, social, and sexual values can also imprison and restrain by its own definitions of what it is to be feminist. Each piece tells one woman's struggle to redefine feminism to incorporate and value her sexual expression. Topics range from heterosexual and lesbian relationships to masturbation, pornography, stripping, and prostitution. For those whose sexual desires are in conflict with their ideas of feminism, this anthology opens up a forum in which to validate and assert sexuality in all its forms.

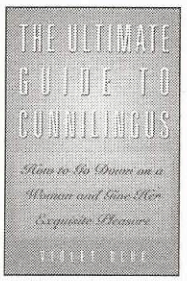


Bottom line: enjoy feminists who enjoy sex. **ap**

The Ultimate Guide to Cunnilingus: How to Go Down on a Woman and Give Her Exquisite Pleasure

by Violet Blue
[Cleis Press]

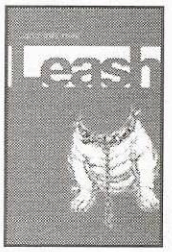
If you're a newcomer to pussy-licking, this book is an excellent place to begin. There's tons of attention to physical and emotional preliminaries and a strong focus on getting over cunnilingus-resistance. There's stuff about anatomy, health concerns, advance preparations to make rug-munching more fun, and myth-busting aplenty. But with all this attention to general sex info, the book winds up with only three chapters on the actual specifics of eating pussy. I'd hoped for a few new ideas to add to my repertoire, and I didn't really get any. The book is accurate and helpful, no argument; but if you already have a lot of sex information under your belt, most of it's going to be pretty familiar.



Bottom line: good for baby dykes. **gc**

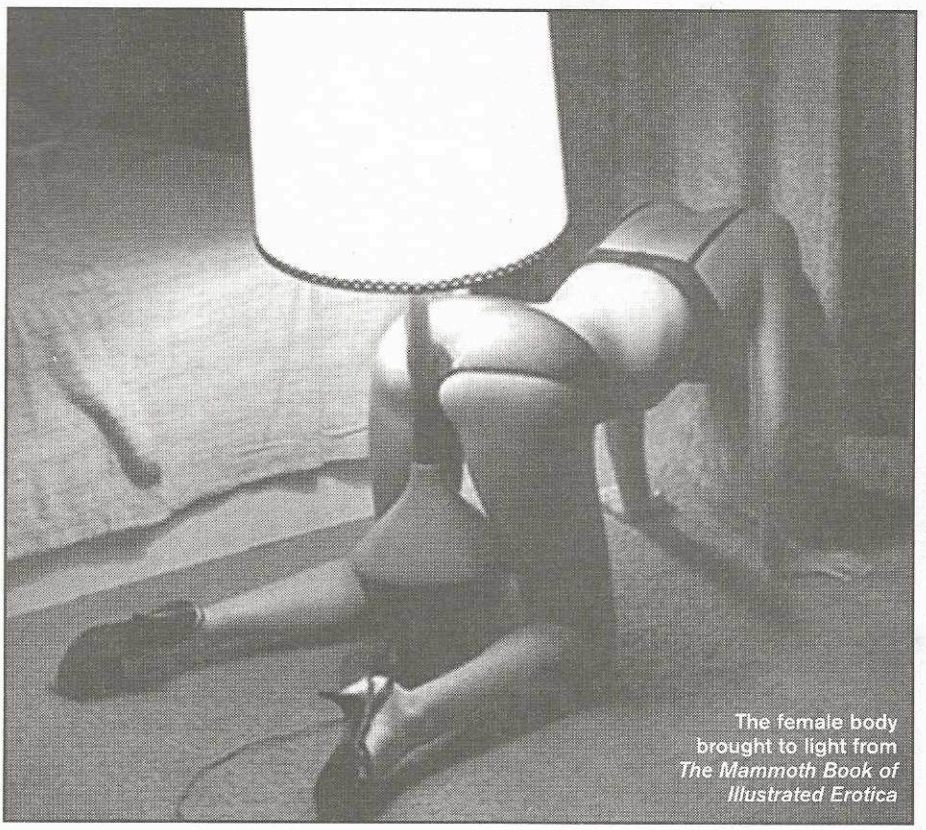
Leash

by Jane Delynn
[Semiotext(e)]



When her "current" goes out of town for the summer, Delynn's bored, bourgeois narrator places a personal ad stating that she is "eager to please." Her ad is answered by a mysterious Dom who demands that she remain blindfolded during every encounter. Adopting the name Chris, the narrator enters into an SM relationship that systematically dehumanizes her. Chris has sex with a dog and begins wearing a dog suit. Eventually she is adopted into the "Society of the Leash," a group of women who clandestinely keep stables of human pets. Delynn's powerful narrative keeps you riveted, much the way a train wreck does. The devolution of Chris into dog-woman is made all the more repugnant by Delynn's compelling prose and minute-by-minute account of the narrator's thought process as she is released from her humanity.

Bottom line: a kinky page-turner. **dc**



The female body brought to light from *The Mammoth Book of Illustrated Erotica*

review staff
aa . Amy Andersen
dc . Diana Cage
gc . Greta Christina
mg . Myriam Gurba
ap . Alexandra Poulain

The Mammoth Book of Illustrated Erotica

edited by Maxim Jakubowski and Marilyn Jaye Lewis
[Carroll and Graf]

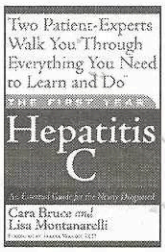
The Mammoth Book of Illustrated Erotica is a deliciously thick, glossy book showcasing the art of established photographers like Christophe Mourthe and edgy newcomers like Carlos Batts. The emphasis is definitely on the female form and it features more than a few lesbian embraces. Fortunately, the book does not overwhelm with images of the body as abstract landscape and instead favors highly personal images that communicate something about the model and her own fantasies, fetishes, and reality. Readers will be delighted to see that Michele Serchuck, **On Our Backs'** associate photographer, is included.

Bottom line: pretty pussy pics. **mg**

Hepatitis C: An Essential Guide for the Newly Diagnosed

by Cara Bruce and Lisa Montanarelli
[Marlowe and Company]

This guide targets people newly diagnosed with the hepatitis C virus (hep C or HCV) and will also benefit friends, family, and partners. The authors are patient-experts who walk you through everything you need to do and learn in the first year. The information is clearly presented in non-judgmental, realistic, and accessible language. Each chapter is divided into two sections: "Living" focuses on emotional and social issues, and "Learning" provides facts about hep C and information on how to manage your health. The guide addresses a range of important issues not covered in standard medical guides, such as emotional health; defining hep C; sexuality and dating; rights in the work place; and co-infection.


Two Patient-Experts Walk You Through Everything You Need to Learn and Do
THE FIRST YEAR
Hepatitis C
An Essential Guide for the Newly Diagnosed
Cara Bruce and Lisa Montanarelli

Bottom line: an excellent and thorough resource. **ap**

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review staff
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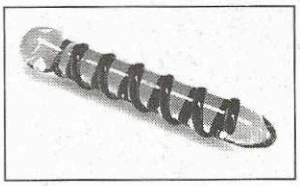
mg . Myriam Gurba
ap . Alexandra Poulain

Blue Spiral Glass Dildo

[Phallixglass, $59]

In my opinion, this glass dildo is worth the extra care. I like pressure more than friction; even well-lubed silicone can leave me a teensy bit raw. Lubed-up glass is super-slippery, and it slides into my pussy with no argument. And with it being rock-hard and all, it gives me all the pressure and control I could possibly want. Silky smooth and relentlessly solid, what a combo. You do, however, have to be extra careful with a glass dildo. Even a small chip will turn it into a vicious, razor-sharp Sabre of Doom. So keep it away from hard surfaces, both in the heat of the moment and in your bedside drawer. I'd also advise against jackhammer slam-fucking; with glass, slow and nasty is the way to go.



Bottom line: a luxurious treat, but handle with care. **gc**

Echo

[Tantus, $45]

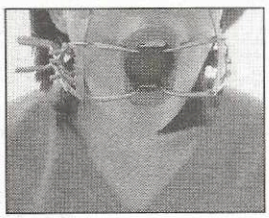
I've never been a fan of vibrating dildos. I want the vibrator on my clit, damnit. But if you like that sort of thing this baby is for you. A small vibrator fits into the dildo's base, so the vibrations are stronger near the clit and vulva, and if you use it with a harness, the harness-wearer will get a little tickle, too. (The mini-vibe is included, and it's a fun toy in its own right.) Tantus's silicone toys are harder and a bit stickier than Vixen's, but they're still quite pleasant, reasonably priced, and come in cool, shiny colors.

Bottom line: vibrating silicone–hard to argue with. **gc**

Whitehead Gag

[Medical Toys, $45]

Oral surgery anyone? Nothing could be more terrifying than this gorgeous gag from the folks at Medical Toys. This is a perfect prop for a serious game of doctor. And your little submissive will look so adorably frightened when she's wearing it! It's not particulary comfortable, but that's not the point. It does what a gag should do: keeps you from talking and looks very impressive. This one has the added benefit of holding your mouth open, rather than filling it. In other words, as my top said when I put it on, "My cock should fit nicely in there."

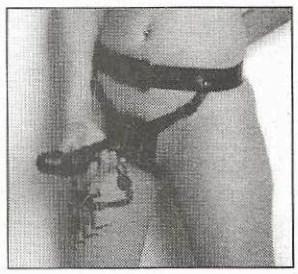


Bottom line: try not to drool. **dc**

Ultimate Dildo Harness

[JT's Stockroom, $54]

This is a very adjustable and extremely handsome harness. The main strap goes around your waist rather than your hips like other harnesses, allowing you to pull it tighter in front where it counts and gives you a more secure grip on your dick. If you're a bigger girl, you'll notice that the design allows you to wear your cock higher up on your belly, making more room for your luscious curves. It comes in a three-strap design–for those of you who like a piece of leather between your pussy lips–as well as the more traditional jock-strap style that leaves your pussy bare.



Bottom line: secure, stylish strapping. **dc**

Waterproof Vibro Dolphin

[California Exotic Novelties, $26]

Perched atop this cute blue vibe is a little rubber dolphin designed to shiver and shake and do tricks while pressed against your naughty bits. The vibes are really strong and concentrated right at the tip like they should be. It's fun and summery and completely waterproof, meaning you can take it to the beach and act out your flipper fantasies.

Bottom line: oceans of orgasms! **ap**

click.it

www.punkerotic.com

"These are the girls who'll steal your heart and smash your windshield!" says this site's tagline. Photographer Geoff Cordner aspires to be "the Charles Bukowski of porn" and with his new Web site, Punkerotic, he takes a big step toward achieving his goal. Gallery after gallery feature gorgeously kinky amateur and professional models sporting the trappings of eighties decadence–from a Judas Priest bikini-clad punkette to a tender-looking Vietnamese stripper in a dog collar. The girls on this site are wild, scary, and sexy creatures who respect and fear no one. **mg**

You play, you pay from Punkerotic

www.therosebudbar.com

The Rosebud Bar is cyber home to Rose Nunez, a sexy, carefree bartender who somehow finds enough time between hot lezzie lays to sling drinks at the local dyke watering hole. Still in its early stages, this online comic features bi-monthly installments detailing the misadventures of a small band of characters in addition to Rose. Each frame features quality artwork, and the site manages to balance its cute, lighthearted plotlines with steamy peaks into the sex life of Rose and other bar patrons. **mg**

www.storymistress.com

Storymistress is the creation of award-winning writer and editor Lori Selke. It is an online magazine dedicated to bringing the finest dyke erotica to the Web and is one of the few e-zines now available that focuses exclusively on erotic lesbian writing. Storymistress delights in the dark and naughty nature of women, showcasing fiction with themes as diverse as vampirism to political terrorism. The site also treats its readers to serialized fiction by several of its writers and is updated bi-monthly. **mg**

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OnOurBacks

THE BEST OF LESBIAN SEX

Gay Boy Porn

Fag sex that will make your dyke dick hard

by Laura Weide

On any given day, scads of dykes stride right past the shelves of lesbian porn for the gay boy flicks. They've seen the light and realized that gay porn offers up sweaty fuck fests devoid of the fake breasts and long nails found in straight porn. And though lesbian porn gets better every day, compared to the hard-core action in gay material, much of lesbian porn is somewhat tepid.

While dyke porn is rarely readily available, there are multitudes of gay porn titles and sub-genres to choose from. There's tons of it, it's everywhere, and a lot of it is well-made. Since there are no females in gay porn, there is no troubling female objectification. You can turn off the sexism cop in your brain and stroke your petal without care.

And finally, it's no easy task to find lesbian fare that eroticizes masculinity. There are no all-butch-on-butch movies that I know of and only but a handful of dykedude scenes. Whether you get turned on by masculinity or are yourself a masculine queer, you've probably already figured out that gay videos deliver the goods. Here are a few titles that deliver fag sex with dyke appeal.

Branded

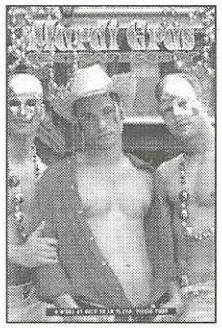
dir. Kris Weston
[Falcon Studios, 2002]

In *Branded*, two men are hand-selected as new recruits for an elite club whose sole purpose is the pleasuring of men, by men. All members bear the branded mark of the Falcon. Only one will become a member and they must compete to see who can pleasure the gang of men and win a skin-searing scar. Hats off to the cinematographer. This is one of the best-shot porn films I've seen. Though the plot is simple, the sex is well-choreographed and hotly paced, delivering balanced frames and aesthetic appeal while maintaining the intense energy of the action. Even the come shots are artistically filmed. The sets are nothing special—and someone should have tossed a sheet over the crayola-colored bedspread in the first scene—but the ecstatic anally receptive bottom boy and well-shot penetration scenes will keep your attention off the rainbow décor. Hairless tan guys feed each other huge mouthfuls of cock with gusto and the directors show as much as possible of an anal fisting without risking obscenity charges.

Bottom line: butter up your cheeks and press play.

Mardi Gras Cowboy

dirs. Rico de la Playa and Vidkid Timo
[All Worlds, 1996]

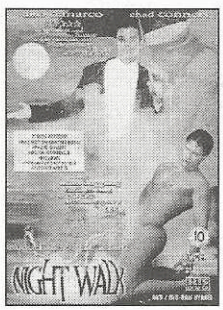


Who says gay porn is just bulging pecs and blowjobs? *Mardi Gras Cowboy* offers humor, heart, and sweet connections *and* blowjobs. Movie-star-handsome Jim Buck is a country bumpkin with a pierced penis who moves to sin city New Orleans to make his fortune as a gigolo. Although he's "straight" it seems that queer tricks keep coming his way. A comedic spoof on the classic flick *Midnight Cowboy*, the Jon Voigt and Dustin Hoffman knockoff characters fall in love and have sweet romantic sex. I'm a sucker for the French Quarter—I'll even watch stupid car commercials for the pan of those wrought iron balconies—but it's not just the Mardi Gras backdrop I appreciated. This well-made spoof breaks the cookie cutter mold of gay skin-flicks, with stars who don't eat steroids with their Wheaties, goofy humor (the movie opens with Jim Buck singing "She'll be coming 'Round the Mountain When She Comes" as he masturbates in the shower), and characters who say "I love you."

Bottom line: sweet.

Night Walk

dirs. Michael Ninn and Gino Colbert
[VCA Interactive, 1995]



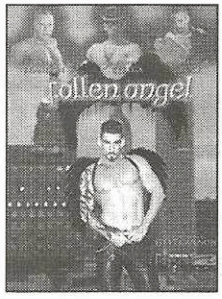
MTV-style editing, moody surrealism, and special effects have won Michael Ninn a top-dog spot in the porn industry. *Night Walk* is a surrealist sex trip featuring colossal gargoyles who come to life and have monster sex. If life is a cabaret, you'd want to be in this one. You'll even find a musical number with a Marilyn Monroe look-alike and tuxedo-clad dancing boys—lots of show, beautiful men, snappy editing, and special effects, plus cool sex.

Bottom line: sex spectacle at its well-made best.

Fallen Angel

dirs. Bruce Cam and Robert Kirsch
[Titan Media, 1998]

Thumping industrial music, crafty editing, and cock-hungry men drive this well-paced, glistening testosterone fest. A voyeuristic other-worldly winged creature drops from the sky into a sharp-edged Gotham full of gym-toned leathermen. There it witnesses mean uniform sex, abduction, domination, and all manners of sucking and fucking in a gay bathhouse. Uniforms, hoods, and sex-club scenes give this one a cold and hard feel. These men aren't having relationships; there is little talking beyond barked orders and orgasmically howled epithets. *Fallen Angel* offers all the style of SM, without the substance or dynamics that one would expect with real play.



Bottom line: gay porn meets MTV.

Laura Weide is a sex educator, pleasure activist, and Web editor at Babeland.com.

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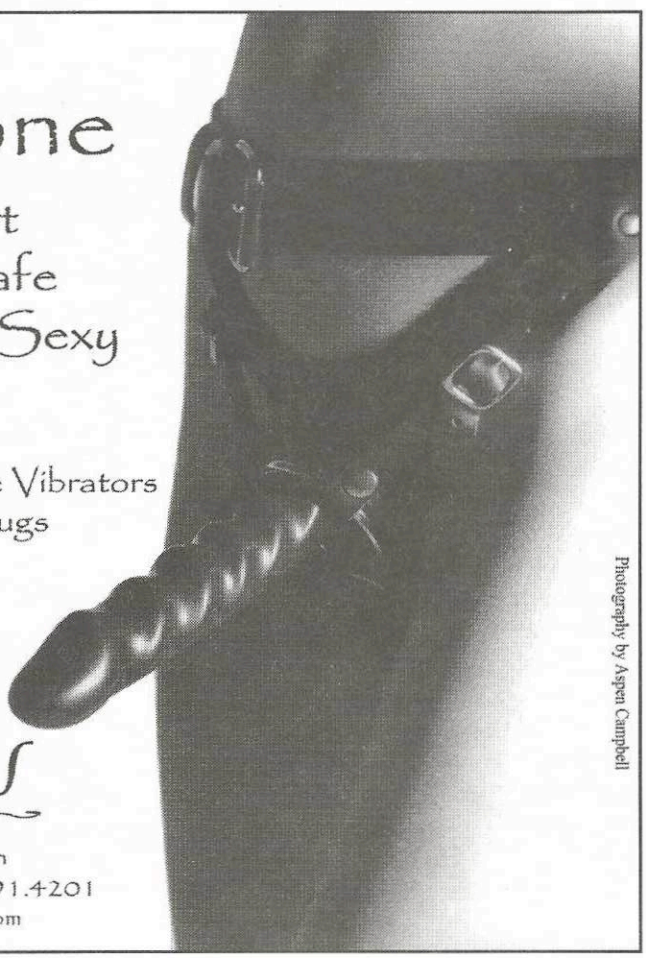

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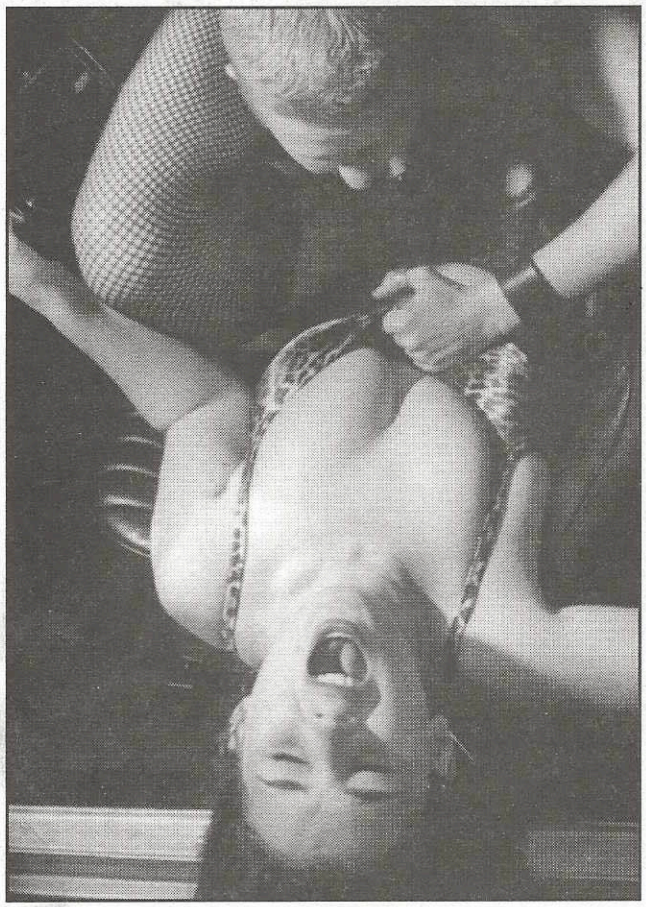
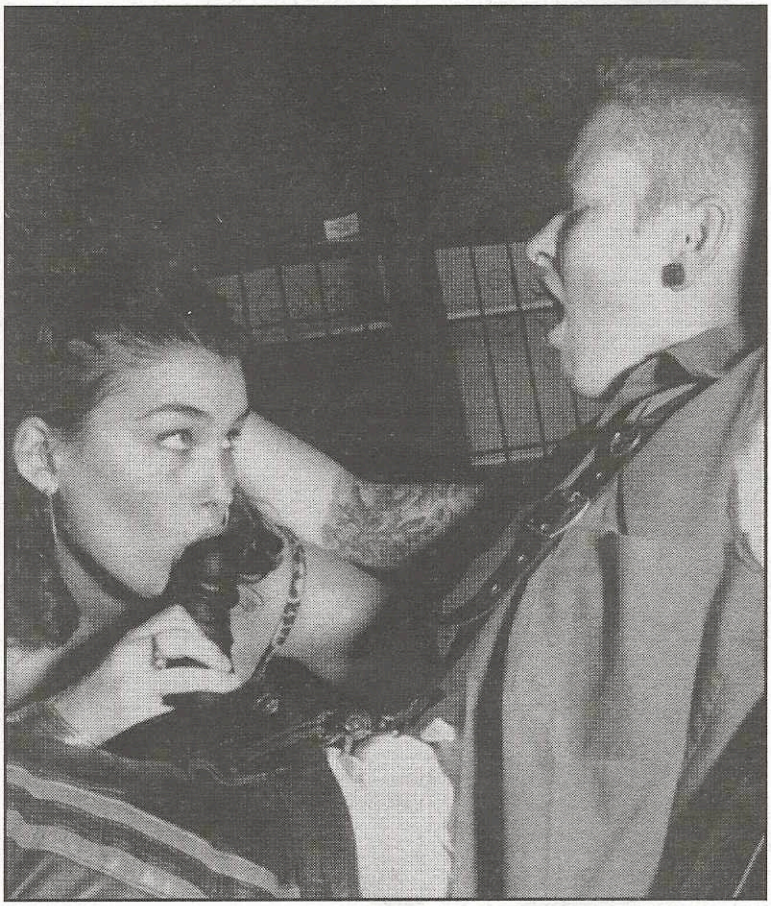
Front Seat **FUCK**

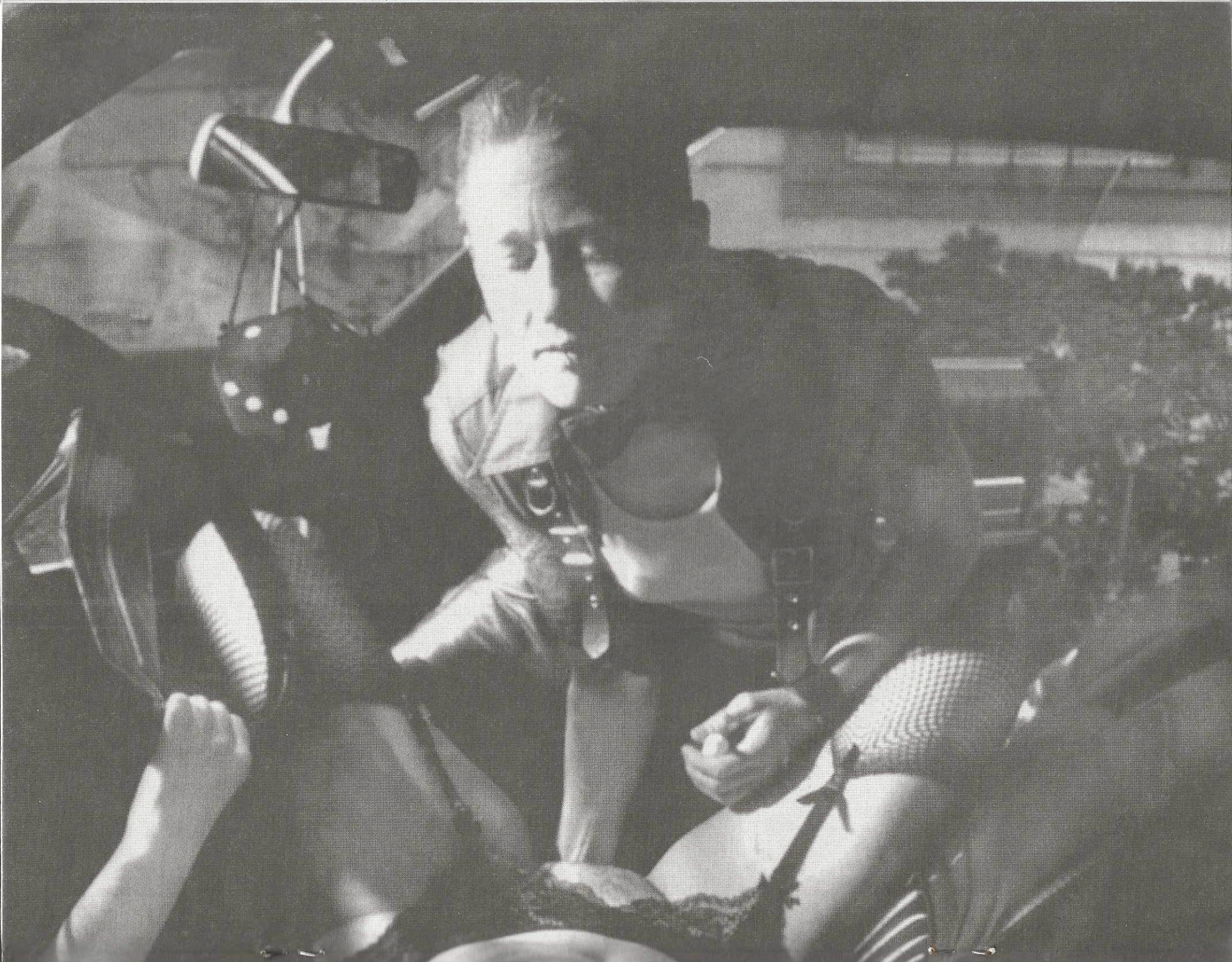
Emily and Dean do it in the car

photography by
Phyllis Christopher

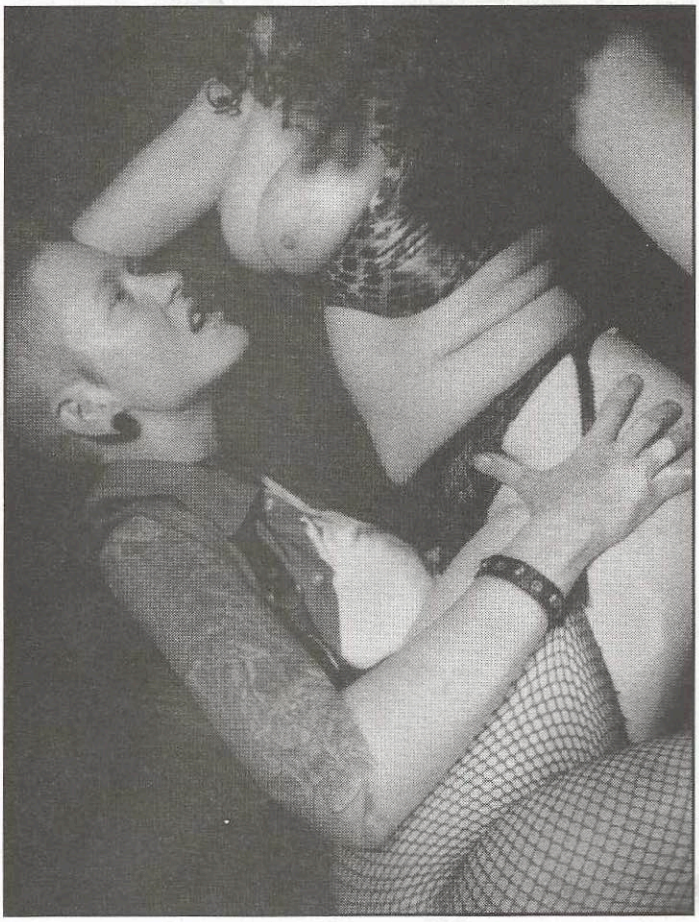
"Get in" said Dean as he grabbed Emily by the hair and pulled her into the front seat. Emily was so excited she couldn't get in fast enough. They'd been messing around for hours on the hood of the car and her cunt was dripping wet. Showing off for the neighbors and misbehaving in public is a thrill, but now it was time to get serious and she was begging for a good hard fucking. Dean pushed Emily down across the seat, and in one quick motion, slid a fist into her wet hole. Emily screamed in pleasure as Dean fucked her hard. "Say please and I'll let you come," said Dean. "Say Pretty Please." **dc**

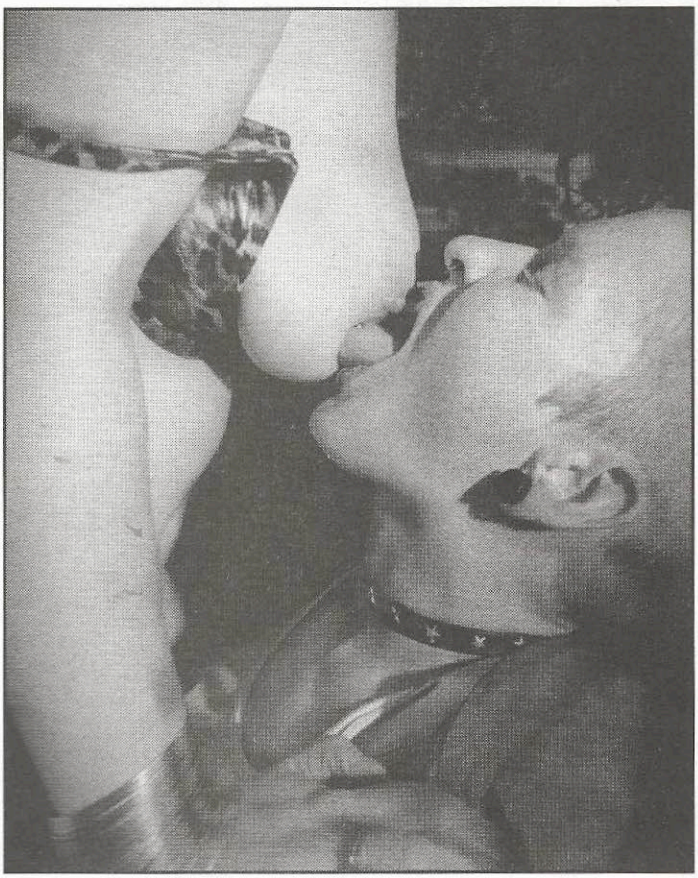


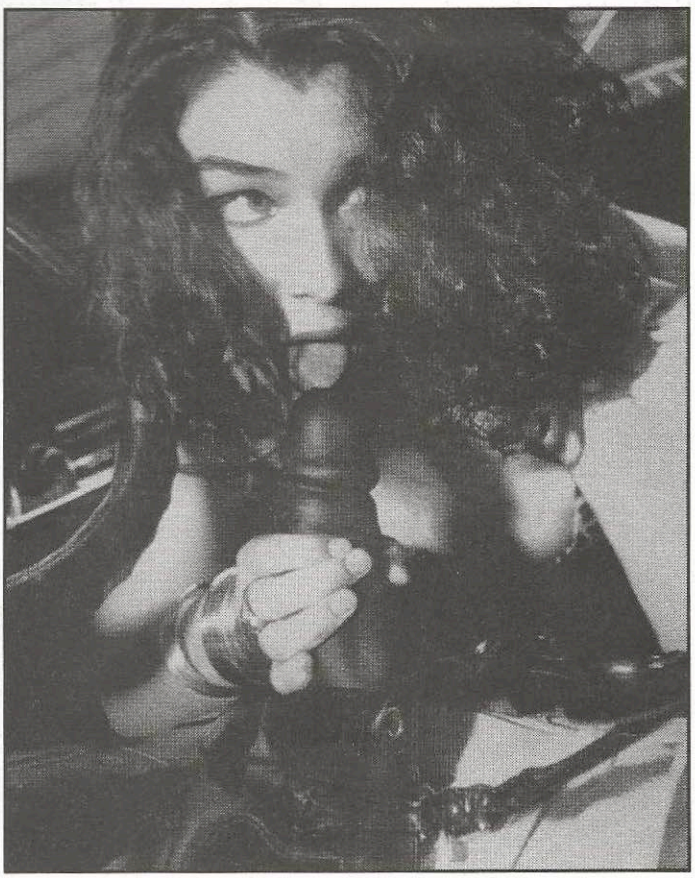




OnOurBacks
THE BEST OF LESBIAN SEX







DARKPLAY.NET

"Please, Daddy"

Dyke daddies tell us how to get them off

by T.J. Michels • photography by Darkplay.net

Pleasing Daddy is hot, taboo-breaking fun made more deliciously perverse by its forbidden nature. Daddy-play explicitly calls for trust, consent, and an erotically charged exchange of power.

Dyke Daddies are often stereotyped as motorcycle-riding, chaps-and-boot-wearing butches (and that's certainly not a bad thing!), but we all know it takes more than image to make a bottom obey. Daddies must be convincing in their roles in order to be perceived and respected as such by their partners. Dyke Daddies can be abusive, nurturing, or a little bit of both, but a good Daddy must know a partner's limit...in order to push her just over the edge of it.

On Our Backs rounded up a group of hot Daddies to find out what makes their dicks hard. And in exchange we learned to say "Please" and "Thank You, Sir."

On Our Backs: Tell us about your favorite play thing.

Vick Germany: They can be submissives, masochists, high femmes, princesses, Daddy's girls, etc., just as long as they are femmes. Hot, sexy, confident–they make my dick hard! "Sir" or "Master" are always lurking around and can become my main persona given the right set of circumstances.

angel: Mostly I play with bois, but I get the urge for special grrrls now and again. I guess the truth is, I will play with most anyone who knows what they want and is willing to work to get it.

Griffey: It's pretty broad–as long as you're queer. I've played with an FTM and I've had a crush on an MTF. I'm a top, but I've also explored sub space. To be a good Daddy you have to know what it's like to bottom. And I've got my own masochist side, too.

Jai Malaquaya: I play with boys, girls, and some who don't quite know who they are yet. Although I identify as a dyke, I still like to fuck, beat, and love on bio gay boys. (If they're smooth, hairless, and submissive as hell.) I'm uncomfortable with *butch*, but it's applied to me more than any other term. I'm still very much a woman, but I'll never be a femme.

OOB: The first image I had of Daddies was Tom of Finland's leathermen. What influenced your Daddy style?

JM: I learned what I know from Jeff Tucker, International Mr. Leather, 1994. And by flying by the seat of my pants: I watched a lot scenes and relationships around me. I used

all the top training I got as a "pup," I used my intuition, I used my gut instincts, I used my heart and my head.

Chase Pearce: I've been influenced by the screen daddies of the fifties and sixties like Hugh Beaumont, John Wayne in *The Quiet Man*, and James Dean in *Giant*. Also Jean-Luc Picard, "Daddy" of the Starship Enterprise.

angel: Mmm…Tom of Finland Daddies. Also the ones in [Editor] Pat Califia's *Doing It for Daddy*; every last one. Especially the priest. Yum. I'm mostly happy in my female body but definitely identified with my cock.

Griffey: I don't have an archetype. But if I ever spot someone that I want to be *my* Daddy, that'd be it!

OOB: Do hunter-green hankies really work? How do you cruise or pick up potential play partners?

VG: I've met most of my play partners either through the Exiles [a leather group] or through friends. That way, I generally know that they are perverts and we probably have something in common!

CP: Leather is an excellent magnet. I flag as a Daddy and add a red hanky to the left as well. My Daddy attire is black button-fly Levi's, my favorite packing dick, black Doc Marten's, a white button-down shirt, black tie, and leather vest. I also accessorize with a buck knife and leather wristbands.

OOB: And then what? To the dungeon, a restroom stall, the bedroom? Are there formal negotiations?

angel: Alleys, train tunnels, sex clubs, and a few times a year, the fancy dungeon. I don't have tea party manners, so the fancier occasions tend to make me want to do something that borders on inappropriate. Some people need a lot of rules and protocol; I get off on being an outlaw. There's a mantra I like better: "risk-aware consensual kink." SM is not safe traditionally speaking because people get hurt—that's the point. But consent is key. I don't have a formal process, but I do communicate. If I'm going to flog someone at a party, there's less negotiation needed than if I am going to pierce someone multiple times and then set them on fire.

Kris L. Fetish: With a new person, it's essential to learn their boundaries. I love edge play but only if I know where that edge is. I prefer to play at home because I have access to all of my toys. But I am certainly not above public sex—I like quick anonymous fucks in bathrooms and alleys, but they don't usually involve pain play. Just hot, dominant sex.

OOB: So what sorts of wicked scenes do you enjoy?

CP: I tend towards whimsy when I play. One of my favorite scenes was Daddy Mickey and Minnie Mouse, complete with ears and mouse hands. I made my girl sing the Mickey Mouse Club song while I was flogging her. She had to sing it correctly or faced punishment. The punishment? Hot wax. For some reason she kept messing up the song.

KLF: I like to use different forms of torture: whips, floggers, belts, blades, etc. I also enjoy the dynamic in "rape" and "pedophile" scenes and the exchange of power they involve.

VG: The scenes I do most often aren't structured fantasies; they are more intimate and fluid. They involve a lot of kissing, hitting, biting, slapping, spanking, fucking—cunt and ass—cocksucking, and various toys, such as floggers, canes, paddles, zippers, nipple-clamps, and coming.

OOB: Speaking of toys, what devious devices make Daddy the happiest?

CP: I have a dungeon in my home, with a St. Andrews Cross and a spanking bench. My personal favorite is my strap-on 8" dick. I have a small collection of knives that I love to use to cut skin.

JM: My mind. I use it more often than whips or restraints or paddles. It's fun to create that energy where my girl is scared and wet at the same time. I like it when I can create that in her without even touching her.

angel: My single tail, my violet wand, my blade, my teeth, my voice.

Griffey: Really sweet handcuffs with the red fur inside. But I also think mental restraints are more effective than physical restraints. It's the best way to discipline somebody.

OOB: And power? Is that the ultimate name of the game?

angel: Power may be part of it, but it feels more complex. I think I'm just wired this way. I can't explain why my hand wrapped around someone's throat always makes my dick hard.

Griffey: Power definitely gets me off. And knowing that a person is working really hard to please me.

OOB: Who's really in charge?

angel: Nobody. Everybody.

KLF: Top runs the scene; bottom controls how far it goes. "In charge" is a moot point. It's mutual.

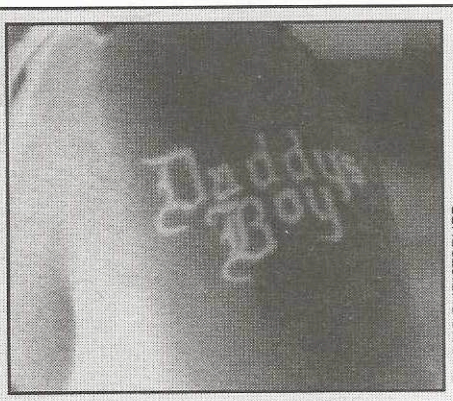
VG: The bottom.

OOB: And do Daddies need a little Daddy-ing every now and then?

KLF: Not Daddy-ing, per se, but a little affection and support feels good sometimes.

CP: Exploring a Daddy-to-Daddy connection would be hot.

Griffey: Yes! oob



PHYLLIS CHRISTOPHER

THE DADDIES

Vick Germany is a forty-five-year-old Daddy, butch, top, and San Francisco's Dyke Daddy 2002. "I've been a self-identified Daddy for a couple of years, but in retrospect, I have been a Daddy for far longer."

angel is a twenty-nine-year-old genderfreaked nelly faggot switch. "I have been a top for nearly nine years and playing with Daddy stuff for about three and change."

Griffey is a twenty-one-year-old transman who primarily dates lesbians but has started dating gay men. "It's something I've wanted to do for a long time. In the last year and a half, I've been able to play that out."

Kris L. Fetish is a twenty-six-year-old Daddy. "I've identified as a Daddy spiritually, forever. In actual and mutual practice, about a year."

Jai Malaquaya is a forty-six-year-old fag in a woman's body. "Been a Daddy for three years; before that, I identified as a Ma'am and a top."

Chase Pearce is a fifty-year-old Daddy. "I've been involved in the leather community for sixteen years; the last six years I've identified as a Daddy."

The Queen of Lesbian Pulp

Ann Bannon's over-sexed dykes had enough lesbian drama to sustain an entire generation of women.

interview by Diana Cage • photography by Beverly Paet

Bannon reigned over late 1950s lesbian life.

Ann Bannon is a pioneer of dyke drama. Her novels, *Beebo Brinker, Odd Girl Out, I Am a Woman, Women in the Shadows, and Journey to a Woman*, defined lesbian lust for the pre-Stonewall generation. In an era where queer women's love stories were written by men for the sole purpose of titillating other men, Bannon was creating real characters who fucked, cried, fought, and fell in love. Her books plot the story of Laura, a shy coed who moves to the city to learn the ways of queers, but it was her world-weary butch, Beebo Brinker–a farm girl who escapes to Beat-era Greenwich Village after being kicked out of her home town for wearing drag to the State Fair–that made her famous. Bannon's books became legendary, inspiring baby dykes everywhere to flock to the village to find love.

All five landmark books have recently been reissued by Cleis Press, with suitably lurid covers, so that a new generation of dykes can read them and find inspiration. **On Our Backs** talked to Ann Bannon about lesbian love, sex, and queer life then and now.

On Our Backs: The first book of yours that I read was *Beebo Brinker*, and I must admit, the femme in me fell right in love with her. Where did she come from?

Ann Bannon: Well, the femme in me was in love with her too. I was twenty-two when I wrote my first book. I was looking for someone like that. She was someone I needed to be real, and I realized I could make her be anything I wanted her to be. She was equal parts Ingrid Bergman in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* and Johnny Weismuller as Tarzan. I was fresh out of college and trapped in an unsatisfying marriage. I had to escape somehow!

OOB: Your butches were always getting in fist fights and femmes were pulling out someone's hair or crying. Was 1950s bar life really that hot?

AB: Bars served in the role of social center then. We had no women's bookstores or other gathering places. Today you can walk into a woman's bookstore and it's not going to be raided by the cops or invaded by high-school boys looking to cause trouble. Back then, you always had that edge. It wasn't that you walked in a state of fear, but really, you never knew what could happen. It made us feel as if we were adventurers. And yes, there were fights and broken hearts.

OOB: Even as a very out lesbian in a large queer community I get a huge thrill from all

"**sex** was the one thing that made the **risks** you took seem almost **trivial**."

the romance and lust in your books. The passion gets heightened by the uncertainty, I think.

AB: The transporting sexuality in the stories served as a defense against the bias and the prejudice of that era. It was transporting, transforming, transcendent sex. It was the one thing that made the risks you took seem almost trivial. The intensity of it and the drama of it and the uncertainty of life in that era—it was almost like a war-time passion. It was thrilling, it really was.

OOB: Suddenly I feel that we've lost that.

AB: Well, no I don't think we've lost anything. It has shifted, yes. It's still a beautiful and transforming event to find the love of your life, but in the face of so many life-threatening and life-altering obstacles there was just an edge to it. Forging a life with someone represented such a victory over so many hostile forces it was almost a signal achievement of a lifetime.

OOB: Have today's dykes come a long way, in your opinion?

AB: The young lesbians are so wonderful. They've taken that same courage that we felt and put it into the public arena. We were fighting for a right to live our private lives and the younger women are fighting for public recognition. We were exhausted just trying to find each other.

OOB: And now you're talking to a lesbian porn magazine! How does that feel to have come such a full circle?

AB: It's terrific! We all need titillation and the chance to explore the erotic side of things. Some of what we were doing way back then made possible what you are doing now.

OOB: Do you think lesbian pulp helped queers come out?

AB: I think it would be amazing to young women today to see how really uninformed and isolated people were at that time. It's important to remember that it was illegal to be gay. So not only did the women have a very shaky sense of being members of a community, they had a strong sense that they themselves were illegal human beings. So many more women back then found themselves channeled into a conventional life. They were married and had kids. Once the books were published, women everywhere began to write to me saying, If you hadn't written those books I would have gone through my whole life thinking I was the only one who felt this way. People's hope grew from the most modest idea of simply having a life and a love that you could be happy with to wanting a community and public declaration and political activism.

OOB: Your characters were having some pretty hot sex. Implied, yes, but still hot.

AB: You have to think of me writing these books, in a sense, as a way of surviving and living the life I wanted to live, existing outside of the conventions that held me in check. Everything I couldn't handle, I dumped on Beebo. Some of it was grand and glorious and some of it was pretty outrageous.

OOB: Of course, your stories are all about the eternal desire of butches and femmes. And it certainly still exists. Butch/femme roles suddenly seem popular again.

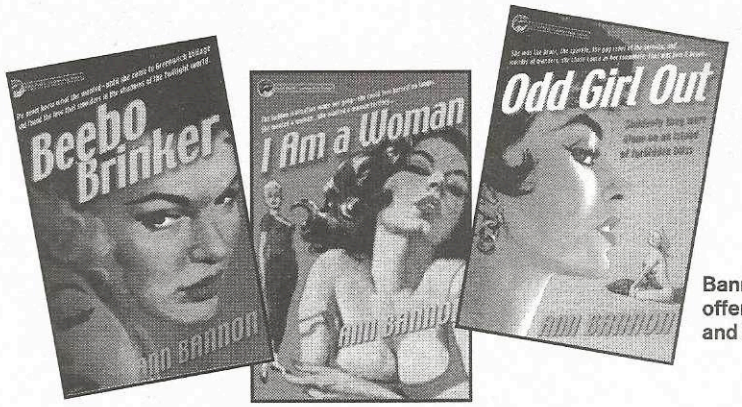
AB: The fire never went out. I think it may have been banked for a while. Women's rights told us to let go of roles. Perhaps butch/femme roles felt like a straight-jacket for a while. But we still do it and it still makes hearts beat faster. As it is being resurrected and reinhabited by other women, the butch/femme option becomes a way of relating to your partner and you can assume those roles if they are congenial to you and your partner, but you don't have to. It's exciting that we aren't so rigid anymore.

OOB: Do you think that being a dyke means dealing with dyke drama?

AB: Oh, how do I answer that! I suppose it does. It always heightens all my senses to be with dyke friends, and your senses are particularly heightened when you are with someone you are crazy about. And of course women express themselves. To this day I think men still haven't mastered that and often remain very buttoned up. But women get things out. Getting things out is so important. If you won't get it out or you can't, that's when it becomes toxic. And, anyway, isn't it fun to make up?

OOB: Was there ever a Beebo in your life?

AB: Everyone I've ever been attracted to has some aspect of her. The boyish self-assertion or her temperament or her commanding presence. It is all there in a lot of people, I just haven't found it all in one woman.



Bannon's books offer great cleavage and hot butches.

OOB: Will the story of Beebo Brinker ever make it to Hollywood?

AB: We have been trying for years and maybe we're getting closer.

OOB: Who would play Beebo?

AB: That's tough. Chloe Sevigny played a great butch in *If These Walls Could Talk 2*, but I've never come up with the right person. Whoever it is really needs to have physical presence. We might have to try out some young stage actors!

OOB: Maybe we could set up a Beebo Brinker casting couch?

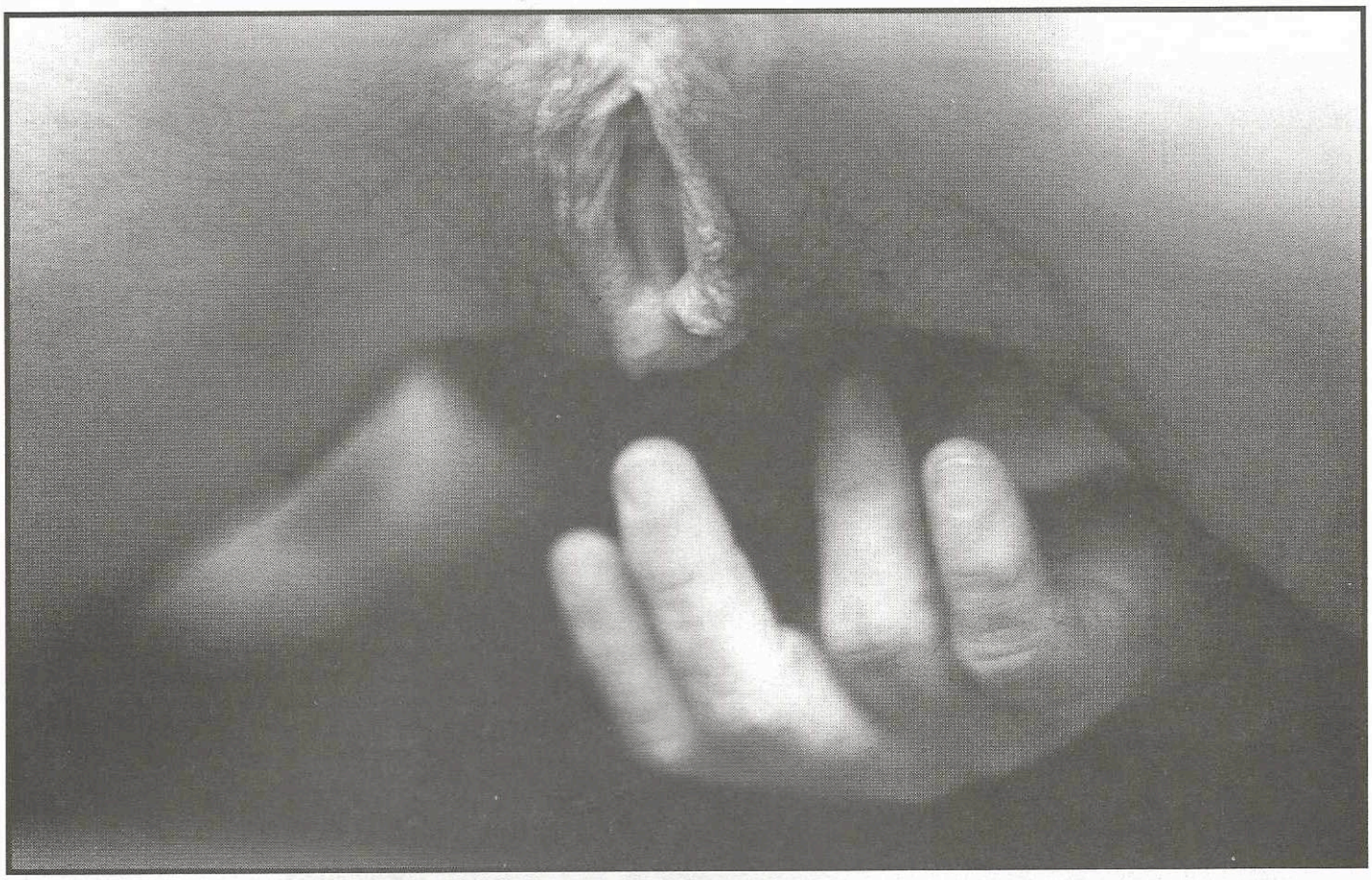
AB: Oh, that would be a wonderful idea! oob

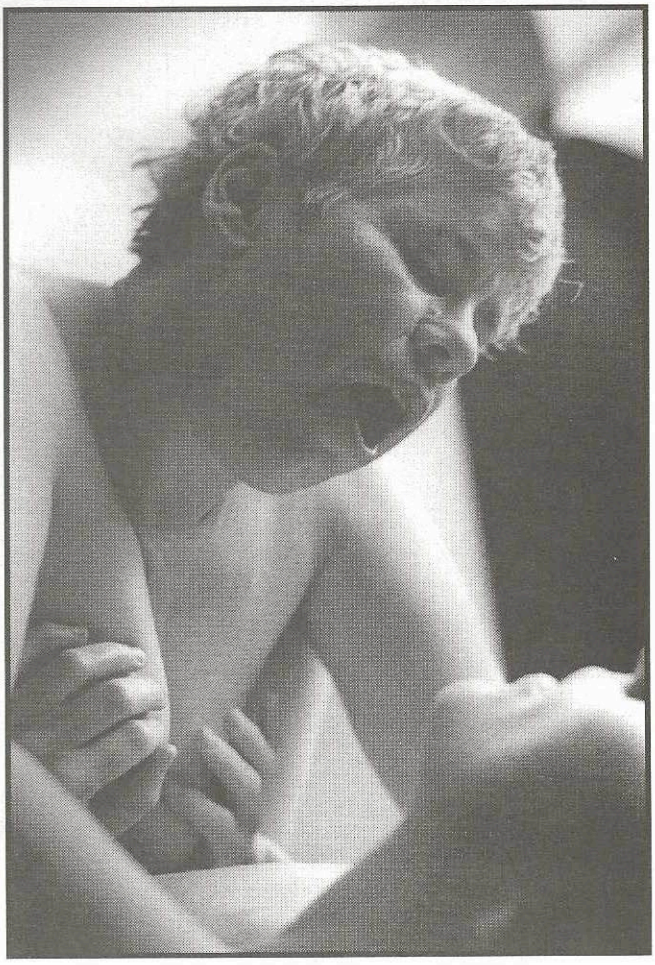
SHEILA+RENA

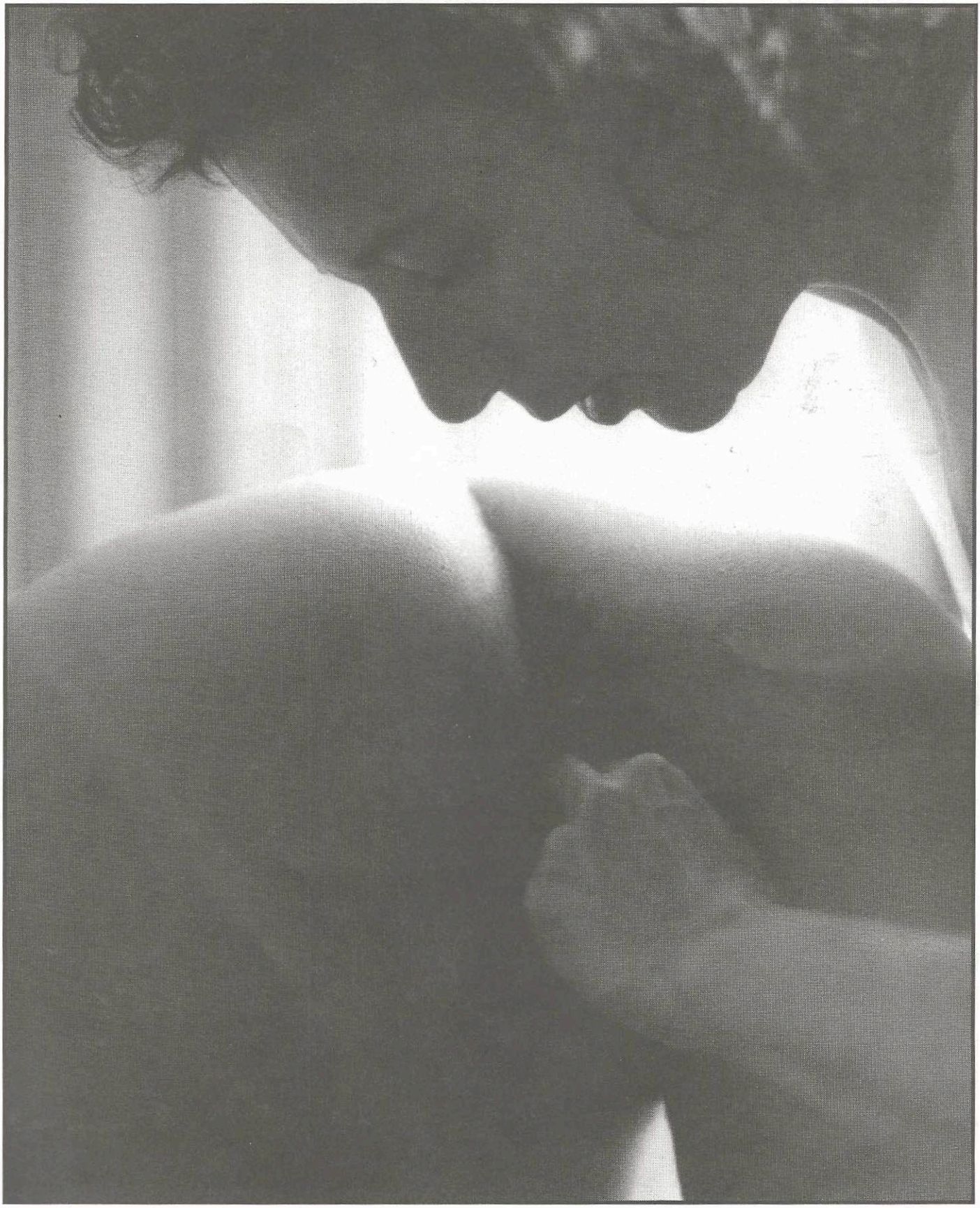
So much fucking, so little time

photography by
David Steinberg

Sheila and Rena are a long-time couple whose sex life has gotten better and hotter over the years. They say that the attraction between them has increased so much they can barely keep their hands off each other. The two of them are now more in love and more in tune with each other's body than ever before. They like to spend hours in bed, playfully fucking and talking and enjoying themselves. "There are no boundaries, no reason to hold anything back," says Sheila. "It just keeps getting hotter between us. We've learned how to give each other the most mind-blowing orgasms." dc







manifesto

by Felicia Luna Lemus • illustration by Sue Teagarden

Regular as rain, Tender is squatting in front of me, completely naked with black shoe polish all over her hands. To be completely accurate, she's got on a wrist shackle and that shining blue hoop through her dark brown clit, but other than that, the darling delight is all skin. Skin and wax polish, Tender cleans her scuffed boots like a good little boy should. It's morning, bright light pours down on my boy from the fogged windows and I should be getting ready for work, priss librarians like me shouldn't make a habit of being late, but the entire apartment smells of my pine soap and Tender's clean boots and I'm a complete sucker. Stains under her fingertips and a spill of polishing spit on the toe of her left boot: to simply say that Tender is a turn-on is plain dumb. My dyke dick is rock hard and I am going to be late for work–again.

To hell with the concept of love at first sight, it was more like idiot drool and soaked cunt when I walked into the Italian bakery and saw the new-hire behind the counter. For years I'd gone to Salt's Bakery & Deli to get lunch, no big deal, I work at the library down the street and Salt's has decent food, but let's just say that my cravings for deli sandwiches increased ten-fold after old lady Salt's Help Wanted ad was filled. Lord almighty, Tender was temptation plus some. I figured that the feeling was mutual–hunky new girl made a quick habit of giving me extra olives on my sandwiches and I swear the gold cap on her front tooth was shined-up extra bright for me. Tender. Her name was embroidered in loopy cursive on the smooth boy-flat front of her white apron. "Tender"–every detail too fucking good to be true.

My boy Tender has a van. A three-tone 1970s gas-guzzler, a low-ride hydraulic suspension beauty with murals of Aztec princess babes airbrushed on the exterior walls, to be exact. Let me tell you, after a morning of sorting dusty mildew books alphabetically on library shelves, walking for lunch and seeing Tender's van parked out front of Salt's was like a tank of oxygen after the house had burned down. I was determined to convince the neighborhood's newest prize that I could look good with eagle feathers tucked in my hair and serpents wrapped around my arms like the girls glittered on her ride. But progress was slow coming. Outside of Tender and me both being Chicanas who could appreciate the pure chilé burn of a nice quick flirt, for a long time I doubted that she'd ever take enviro-friendly, ride-my-bicycle-to-work, sweater girl-fag, bookworm me very seriously. Yeah, sure, we swapped plenty of flirt hello's over the cash register, but I never guessed that the day would come when I'd feel the metal chill of her gold smile licking me clean on the shag floor of her van.

Tender's van–that was the first place we fucked. It all started out innocent enough. See, I'd gotten in the habit of stopping by Salt's on the way home to get ravioli and sauce for dinner, the shop was slow in the evenings, so we'd talk, that was all, talk. Then, this one time, Tender offered me a ride home.

"Oh, thanks, but I live just down the street."

"I'll give you a ride home."

"I have my bike."

"I'll give you a ride home." Wham, she gave me that foxy smirk that I've come to worship.

My slow nerd brain clicked into first gear, "Oh, okay, thanks."

Salt's locked up early that night, Tender took rope and tied my bike against a rack mounted inside her van. The precaution seemed strange, I mean really, we were just going down the street, but I figured she was super protective of the van's interior, its swanky faux wood counters and plush purple velvet sleeper couch, so I didn't say anything. But, sweet Jesus, what was she doing with such a sturdy bike rack permanently fixed to the wall of her van? The shining metal bars and rope were so obviously nasty that I blushed looking at them. Forty knots later, satisfied that my bike wouldn't fall over and trash anything, Tender opened the passenger door for me and sat herself down in the driver's seat. Her chin cocked backed *vato* tough girl, she checked me out, slow and obvious, and let the motor warm up for several long minutes, a bit of vehicular maintenance that was entirely ridiculous considering how warm it was outside. Finally, she drove us down the street and followed my directions until we were parked in front of my place. The engine off, she spun her chair around and walked to the van's back wall to untie my bike. I'm not sure how she did it, but she managed to flex every muscle in her thick gorgeous arms as she worked on undoing the rope's million knots.

"Hey, could you give me a hand? This one's stuck."

Walking across the van's shag gave me electric shocks. I leaned over next to Tender and started working on the knot just below the bike's crossbar. Tender had tied the knot far too tight and my fingers started to get dry and raw from working it loose.

she was sucking my ring finger with an expertise only obedient Daddy's boys get right.

Nervous under Tender's stare, I slipped and my entire arm scratched across the greased metal gears.

"Let me see," Tender took my arm in her callous-rough hand. "Oh, this part got scratched something bad, didn't it?"

She examined my arm, no scratch in sight, like my life depended on her diagnosis and before I knew what hit, she was sucking my ring finger with an expertise only obedient Daddy's boys get right.

"You know, maybe I should check that you didn't hurt yourself anywhere else."

continued on page 42

SUGAR

by Diana Leigh • illustration by Rebecca

Well past midnight a faint clanging registers above the din of the vacuum cleaner. After the third ring I recognize the faraway bell sound as *phone.* In a rush to beat the voicemail I bloody my shin on an errant CD rack.

Sugar's shaky voice comes through the receiver. She is crying and I can't make out most of her words through an unmanageable slur. She's had too much wine and one of the mild tranquilizers that her doctor gives her. She suffers from anxiety. She can't sleep. She worries too much about things like aging and rape and racial tension. She cries about turning thirty. I sometimes suspect she really loves me.

When her outburst subsides I hobble to the kitchen and staunch the flow of blood from my shin with a dishtowel. Sugar whispers to the receiver, "I need to see you Gwen. I'm lonely." I reassure her, tell her how much I love her, that I want to see her too. She falls asleep while I am softly whispering to her about what a good girl she is and how much I want to fuck her, push my fingers into her cunt and make her cry.

Sugar loves to lie in bed all day watching old movies. She could stare at the young Ava Gardner for hours. "Look at her eyes, look at the way she wears her eyeliner," she always says. It took me forever to stop trying to imitate the film actresses she adored. During the first year of our relationship I was a platinum Dorothy Malone, a wounded Barbara Bel Geddes, a cool, detached Catherine Deneuve. After we watched *Faster Pussycat! Kill! Kill!*, I dressed like Tura Satana. I ground the gears of the Toyota and sped through the streets of San Francisco, looking for necks to break.

I met Sugar on a weekend trip to Los Angeles. She was shoe-shopping on Melrose. We shared a mirror at Retail Slut, each of us posing seductively for the other. The straps of my eighties Prince-inspired lingerie kept slipping down and exposing my nipples. We agreed that her blonde hair and blue eyes contrasted romantically with my jet black hair and ruby lipstick. I showed her the barbed-wire tattoo across my sacrum, she showed me the ahnk on her breast.

We reached a pinnacle of vanity and lust when the salesgirl told us we looked like the vampires from *Daughters of Darkness.* Sugar pulled me into the dressing room and pinned me to the wall. Her height gave her an advantage, but I grabbed a handful of her bleached hair and pulled her head back 'til she whimpered aloud. The sound made my cunt throb. She pushed up my dress and pulled my G-string to the side. "Please," I said as she slipped three fingers into my soaked pussy. She kissed me softly on the neck and I urged her on with little hip thrusts. She whispered, "Can you come like this?" I answered her by tightening up and digging my short, painted nails into her shoulder. Then I came hard, letting out a high-pitched wail and slumping forward against her chest. The salesgirl knocked on the dressing room door and said, "I'm going to have to ask you two to leave." Sugar smiled wickedly and took my hand, "My turn," she said as she pulled me out of the store.

> we fucked languidly, content to gaze at ourselves in the mirror across from her bed

Her apartment is just off Sunset, behind the Whisky. She has no furniture, just a closet full of clothes, a huge bed, and a full-length mirror propped against the wall. Her bathroom counter overflows with tubes of liquid eyeliner, body glitter, and sparkly nail polish. There are bottles of expensive booze lined up like bowling pins in the kitchen. In the empty living room there's an oil painting: A blonde woman with heavy sixties-style pastel makeup, like a young Elke Sommer, reclining naked on a fur rug, her body a collection of exaggerated curves. One breast juts toward the ceiling, a prominent pink nipple perched atop it.

"I want to fuck you with a dick," I said to her as we collapsed on her bed.

"There's a cock and a strap-on in that box," she pointed to a black leather harness and a bright red dick. I pulled it on as gracefully as I could and coolly pressed the head of the cock against her upturned ass.

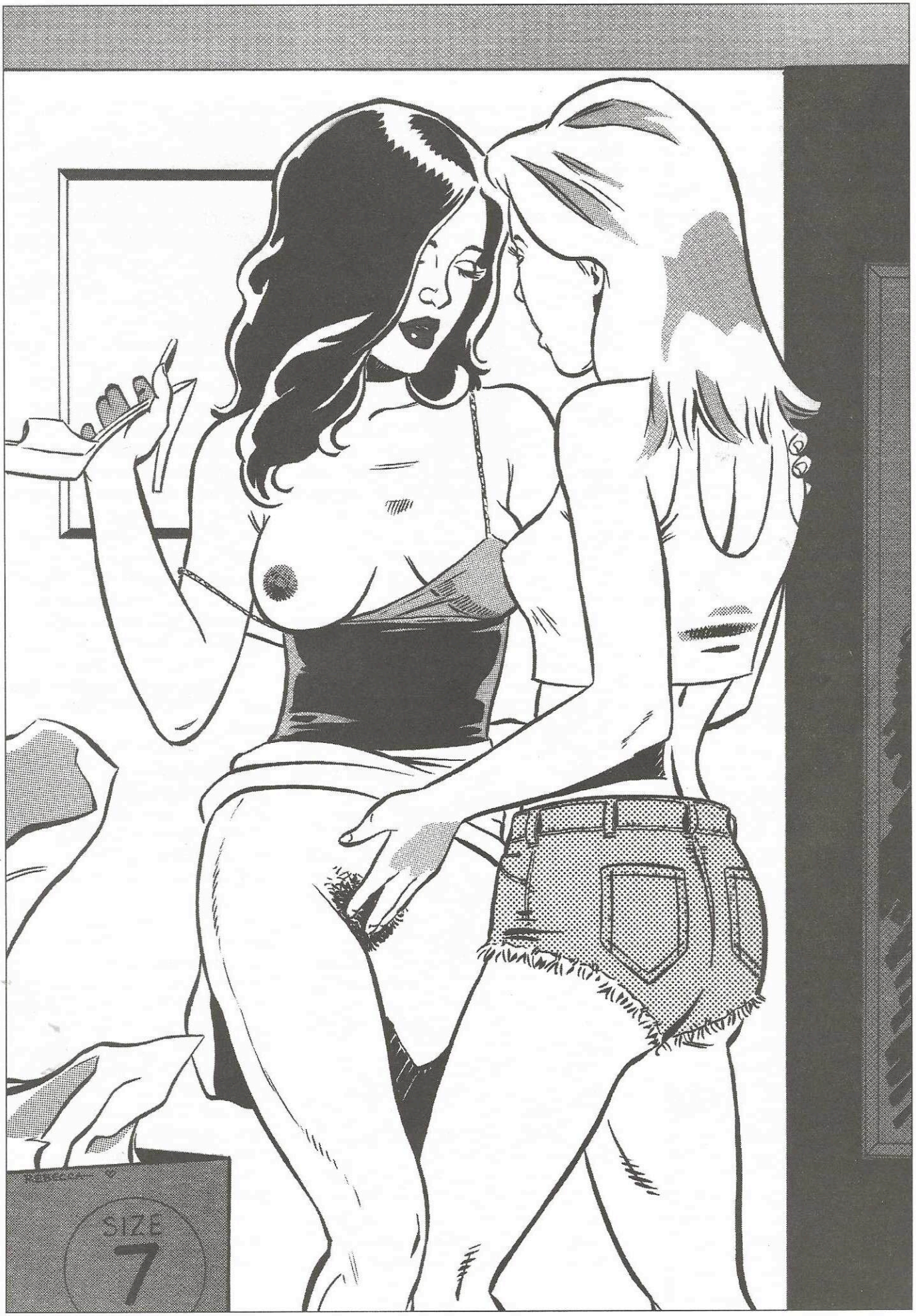
"Lube," I asked.

"Under the bed," she whispered.

I felt around and found a small bottle. I drowned the bright rubber cock in it before slowly pushing it against her perfect asshole. When I grabbed her hips she said, "Oh god, fuck me. Oh my god." We fucked languidly, content to gaze at ourselves in the mirror across from her bed. She ejaculated when she came, gushing all over the sheets and soaking both of us. We fell asleep among the wet sheets and woke up hours later, disoriented and still turned-on.

We were crazy for each other from that moment. We saw each other every weekend despite the 500 miles between our respective cities. Sugar hates to fly so I'd fly down to Los Angeles and she'd drive back up with me. She once drove all the way from Los Angeles to San Francisco with one hand on the steering wheel and one hand in my crotch. In the visor mirror I could see her fingers sliding through the vertical folds, disappearing and reappearing, making a slick *tic tic* sound. With one leg out the window of a rented Lexus I

continued on page 42


REBECCA
SIZE
7

continued from page 39

manifesto

My mouth hanging speechless told her everything she needed to know. She pulled the curtains closed. The rug burn on the bare skin of my ass was religion.

Eventually, Tender took to sleeping in my apartment instead of her van. And, seeing as my boy is burlesque sideshow perfection in the mornings, I've learned all sorts of ways to sneak into work late, sometimes very late; the good things in life can't be rushed. After a long shower, Tender polishes her boots. I supervise. When the mirror-bright shine finally meets my approval, Tender grins Cheshire cat big. Careful not to smudge the leather, Tender pulls on her boots, buckles them up, and walks to the side of the bed she has declared as hers. Her side of the bed, that's where she keeps the old-fashioned chocolates tin. She opens the small red metal box, finds the smallest-gauge needle and walks over to me. Her brawny arm flexed taut, Tender feigns patience and waits for me to decide. I point. Prolonged theatrical minutes later, once I'm appropriately pained with anticipation, Tender watches my terra cotta eyes turn hazel-green-gold as she moves my finger aside and pushes sharp metal through skin.

Her attitude on, she stares at me, intense and just the right amount of mean, as I push her down on the hardwood floor next to the open candy box and slide an 18-gauge into the tight skin between the cuticle and first joint of each of her fingers. Measured breaths and clenched-jaw hard kisses, five sets of surgical steel expand in diameter up the length of her hand and meet in a single line at the protruding sharp bones of her wrist. Past the parallel bend of that joint, the needles continue upward and culminate in a cuff around her elbow. Some mornings, Tender growls at me to stop, to go sit on the other side of the room. Those mornings she makes sure I watch as she continues the road of needles upward onto her biceps and toward her heart and that's when I know I've been extra good. Tender says that playing with needles gets tedious and that, ultimately, the whole thing only gives her a deep-thrill pleasure when done as a show of adoration for her best girl. Mission accomplished, the steel railroads mapped on Tender's arm are dizzying fuck-love poems. One gesture at a time, we break unjust laws. oob

continued from page 40

sugar

came to an extravagant climax. Semi's drove by and honked in congratulations.

I hang up the phone and give up rearranging the furniture. The pieces are still in disarray–as if they were interrupted while dancing. In bed I lie awake, fingers on my throbbing clit, imagining the sound of her voice and picturing her beautiful face when she comes.

A few days later in a fit of desperation, she flies up to see me. When I answer the door there is a tall, slender woman in ridiculous shoes posed next to three huge suitcases.

"I'm sorry, I'm groggy. I took too many Dramamine." She begins dragging in the first bag. "I was crying on the flight. I couldn't stop. When the stewardess came around I said, I'll have four bottles of vodka. She didn't protest at all. Just set them down on the tray in front of me." Sugar cries all the time. I guess it's part of her charm.

Sometimes she cries after she comes. In the beginning she would beg for me to fuck her hard, harder. And I'd do it. Each time I came when she did, without her so much as touching me. She liked a hand across her throat as she got closer. Not choking her, just resting on her fragile neck like a threat. I never squeezed, but I often wanted to.

Once she gets her suitcases inside, she pulls her movie star sunglasses to the end of her nose, a nose shaped entirely different from the one nature intended. Her big L.A. swimming-pool eyes are puffy and red.

She leans forward and throws her arms around me theatrically. I know she'll stay for too long. She does it every time. She tells me she'll be here a week, and a month later I'll be begging her to book a flight home. For the next six weeks, I'll be late to work every day. I'll eat out every night. My bank account will be depleted, I'll buy bikinis at Versace that I will never wear, and I will have tons of raucous, emotional, and thrilling sex.

After a few moments she does a perfunctory check of my appearance. I'm in a T-shirt and jeans.

"My gawd, what's happened to you? You look so *normal*." When she says *normal* it sounds like someone else saying *slug* or *sewage*. She stoops to wrestle a pair of high-heeled sandals from her feet. "New?" I ask.

Sugar doesn't work. She shops, spends weekends in spas, goes to yoga religiously. She doesn't understand that I have responsibilities. "I think the reason that you and I get along is we both understand the necessity of multiple pairs of black shoes." She's always dropping bits of wisdom like this.

She sighs and says, "I really have to rest, Gwen. The flight left me exhausted," though the flight from Los Angeles to San Francisco takes only fifty minutes.

I grab her suitcases and say, "Take a shower, you'll feel better."

Half an hour later she is naked, leaning over the sink shaving her pussy. One leg is propped on the basin. Her razor is a heavy silver men's model. Her strokes are light and she runs a hand over the unshaved area to guide the blade. When she turns around to show off a job well done, I kneel down to closely inspect her handiwork. I trace my tongue along the lips of her cunt, teasing her until she's wet. Her clit is very large. I lick it lightly and force her to ask me for more. She grinds against my face in response and I want to make her come immediately, but instead I tease her, knowing she'll beg for it. In response, she pushes me backward with her foot and pins me to the tile. I feel her teeth against my shoulder and a moment later she bites me so hard it breaks the skin.

"Love me Gwen. I want you to love me," she says. I feel two of her long fingers slip into my cunt, wet already. It's been wet since she walked through my door in her stilettos. She presses hard against a spot at the top of my pussy that almost hurts, but I don't want her to stop. She fucks me roughly, the same way she likes me to fuck her. The tile is cold but I'm getting so close and if I can only get a little bit more I can come. She feels me open up and slides in two more fingers, but still, I can sense the rest of her hand and I want it inside me. "More, god damn it," I tell her and she tucks her thumb into her palm and pushes into me. I scream at the top of my lungs as the widest part of her hand enters the tight ring of muscle at the opening of my cunt. Once inside, she remains perfectly still, simply filling me. I realize that my mouth is open and I'm reaching for something, but I don't know what it is, because all I can see and feel is the woman above me, staring at the place where her hand disappears into my body. oob

cheers + jeers

compiled by Cara Herbitter
+ Diana Cage

▲"I always end up fisting chicks, my hands are so small–they're smaller than most penises–so it's pretty easy to go in, and if they're saying, 'Give me more,' I'm just like, 'OK!' But they can't show that–it's illegal. So they always yell at me, 'Thumbs out! Thumbs out!'"

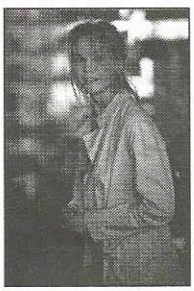
Porn star Jenna Jameson in Salon

"In my opinion, gays and lesbians should be put in some type of mental institution instead of having laws like this passed for them."

George County, Mississippi Court Judge Connie Glenn Wilkerson, speaking about a law approved in California for granting same-sex partners the right to sue for wrongful death, as quoted in The Advocate

"[Vibrators can be used after the] death, desertion, or lack of capacity or availability of a spouse. The socially desirable goal of marital fidelity may be achieved by a woman's having access to a vibrator while her husband is injured, ill, or absent for long periods."

From Patent number 5,067,480 for a stimulator called the Eroscillator 2, as quoted in Playboy



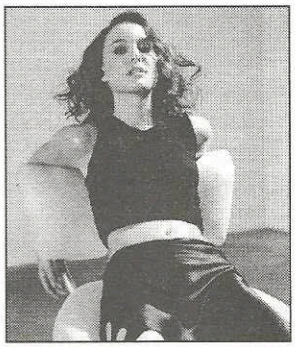
◀"I mean, **bathroom sex scenes, hallways sex scenes, all that tumbling around.** Oh my God. I herniated a disc in my back and got workman's comp. from Twentieth Century Fox. How many times can you kiss someone with your body draped off the bed? It almost killed me."

Diane Lane on her role as suburban wife having an affair in Unfaithful, *in* People

"Before I was out, I was afraid to join the softball team because of the fear of becoming what they called 'Dykes on Spikes.'"

Tanya, a high school softball coach on her college sports experience, as quoted in Curve

"I've never ▶ dated a woman. But, I mean, I think it's much more the person you fall in love with. Why would you close yourself off to fifty percent of the people?"



Natalie Portman in Us magazine

"Prince Charles was so sweet and funny when I grabbed Lucy Liu's boob accidentally."

Drew Barrymore, talking about the U.K. premiere of Charlie's Angels, *as quoted in* Allure

▲"It's a power thing, these people told me I couldn't do something, and that's the only reason I wanted to do it. Because they told me I can't. So I started to get more and more hardcore, until now no one can top me. I can get anyone to do anything because I am a woman. I think I've earned that respect."

Porn director Lizzy Borden, whose ultraviolent porn films feature women being beaten, raped, and covered in vomit, urine, and feces in Salon

JENNA JAMESON: SALON; DIANE LANE: PEOPLE MAGAZINE; NATALIE PORTMAN: NATALIE-PORTMAN.COM; LIZZIE BORDEN: SALON

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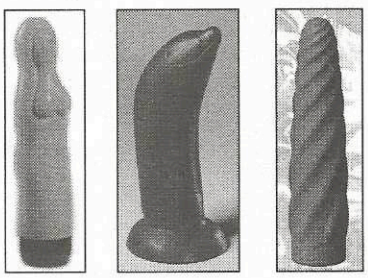

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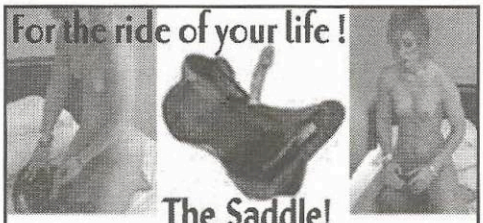

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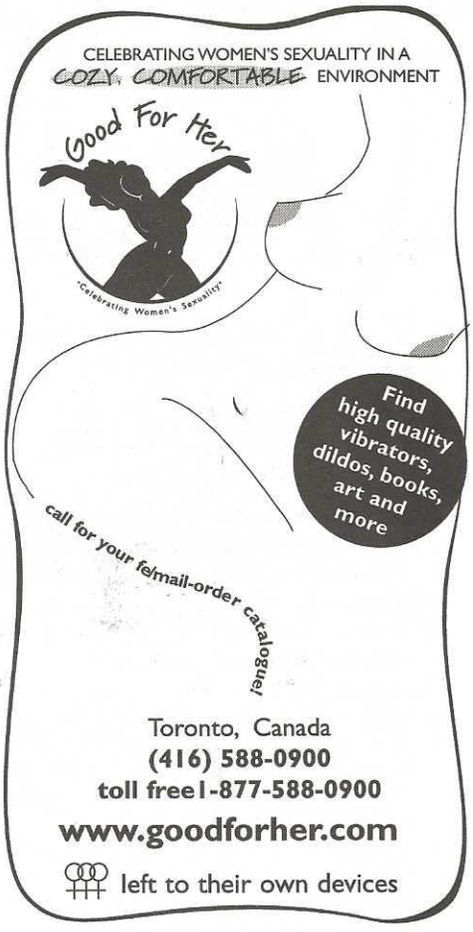

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Genderqueer: Voices from Beyond the Sexual Binary, edited by Joan Nestle, Clare Howell, and Riki Ann Wilchins, (Alyson Books) **www.alyson.com**

Body Check, edited by Nicole Foster, (Alyson Books), **www.alyson.com**

The Ultimate Guide to Cunnilingus: How to Go Down on a Woman and Give Her Exquisite Pleasure, by Violet Blue, (Cleis Press), **www.cleispress.com**

The Mammoth Book of Illustrated Erotica, edited by Maxim Jakubowski and Marilyn Jaye Lewis, (Carroll & Graf Publishers), **www.amazon.com**

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Do you **TALK DIRTY** in bed?

compiled by Cara Herbitter + Diana Cage

PHYLLIS CHRISTOPHER

Déme la Lengua

My girlfriend loves it when I whisper naughty things in Spanish in her ear. She has no idea what I'm saying but it seems to drive her wild. *Ay como le gusta! Reyna*

Be Prepared

There's just something about talking dirty that gets me wet, wild, and ready to play. Telling my girl just what I'm going to do to her gets me hotter than ever, as I get to watch her anticipate my every move. Talking dirty has helped lower some of my more conservative partners' inhibitions. For more vanilla encounters, I've found that talking nasty is a great way to set the mood for some good and downright dirty fucking. *J.*

Aural Sex

My girlfriend is extremely auditory and thinks I have the sexiest voice. When I want to make love, I whisper sweet nothings in her ear. As the evening progresses, she gets off hearing how much I want to spank, fuck, and be inside her. It usually ends with her screaming her head off and it all started from a few dirty words. *Kate*

Do Me, Daddy

I don't talk dirty, but my Daddy sure does. She loves to tell me how good I look with her fingers in my pussy and how hot it is to watch my lips around her dick. It makes my pussy so wet to hear it! *Betta*

Smooth Operator

Maybe it's just me, but "oh yeah, baby" and other generic "you taste so good" sex talk just makes me want to fall asleep right then and there. If you're not okay with the fact that when I talk dirty I'm going to be a raunchy, smooth-talking bitch, I suggest you bind and gag me. *Julia*

XXX

Hell yes, I talk dirty in bed! "Take it, bitch. You like this cock? You want it harder? You're a dirty slut who can't get enough cock, aren't you," makes my girl come every time. She loves it. *Tam*

Shy Slut

I would really like to talk dirty in bed, but I'm kind of shy. Usually I just whisper things like "fuck me, baby" and "harder." Kinda lame, I know, but it's better than being completely quiet. *Nicki*

On Your Knees

Sometimes I feel self-conscious and have a hard time getting started, but once I do, watch out. I love to tell my lover in the nastiest terms possible exactly what I'm going to do to her. And I love to make her beg me, in very explicit terms, for what she wants. *Crystal*

Who You Calling Whore, Bitch?

Once I was in bed with a girl who kept calling me a whore. It was sort of hot, but it freaked me out. I'm like, Who the fuck do you think you are? Show some respect, bitch! *Ani*

Nice Girls Do It

We talk dirty all the time. It took me a little while to convince my wife that it was okay to do that, but once we loosened up, it was a lot of fun. We both were raised to be nice girls, so it was pretty damn liberating to be able to say "fuck me, baby" in that breathy and sexy voice that we had both been hearing in our heads for years. *Jen*

---

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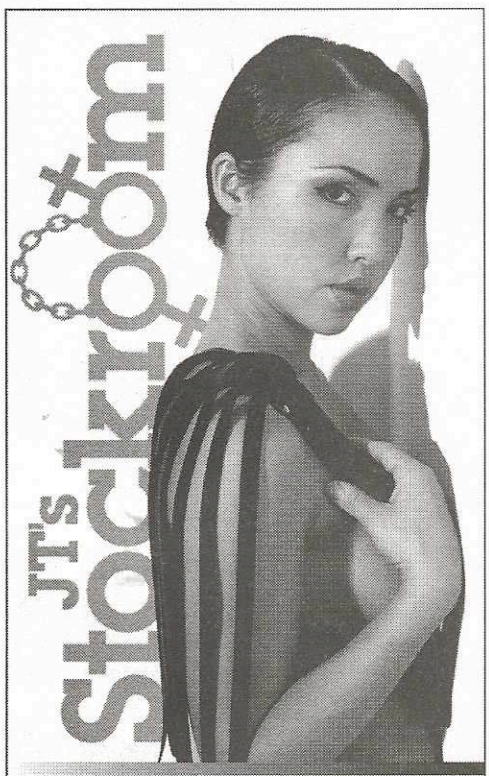

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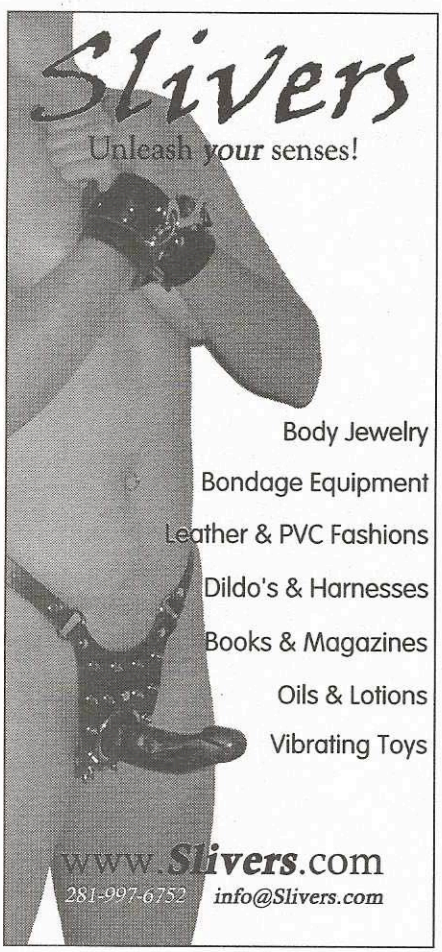

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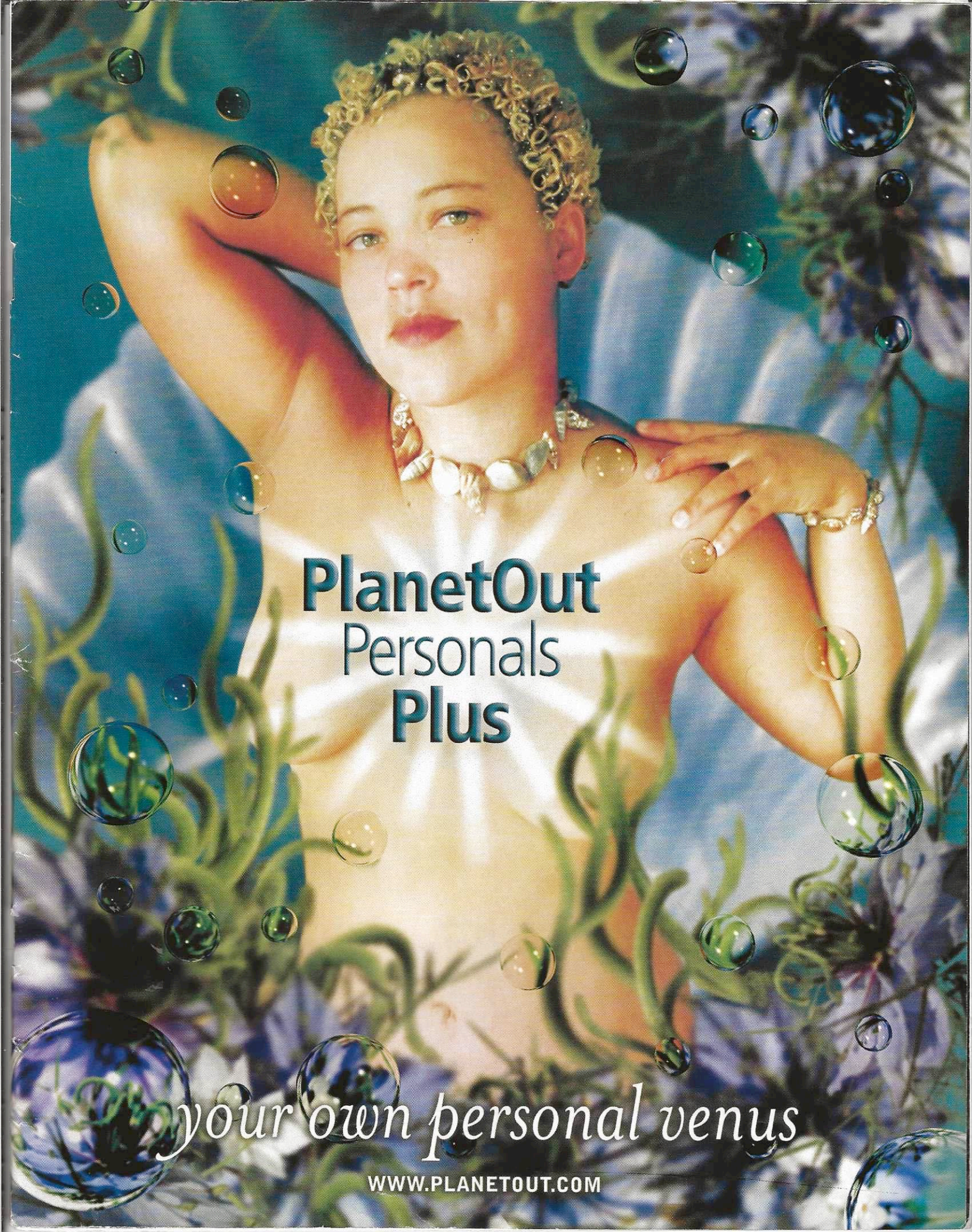
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